THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

Serfojee Rajah. 1827

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. II.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed use.
Safo, e C rinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

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1806.

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THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the caution of the husband of Adelaide, who did all in his power to prevent these disagreeable reports from coming to the ears of his wife, the world was not so good natured. The scandal, which at first had only been heard in whispers, and sullen murmurs, now began to reverberate loudly around: Fame with her hundred tongues, and Slander with her thousand serpents, proclaimed and hiss-

ed a tale, which had no foundation, but in the fertile heads and malignant hearts of the propagators.

Adelaide knew her own innocence. What then? A truly virtuous woman must ever shrink from the bare idea of being made the subject of public conversation. She who affects to despise this may be a great, a sublime, a lofty, but can never be justly termed a *delicate character*. When Adelaide found herself thus involved, without any fault or knowledge of her own, she did not even for a moment *pretend* to conceal her uneasiness. Had she sternly braved the opinions of the world, she would no longer have appeared amiable in my eyes. What the great Roman *said* of his wife, she *thought* of herself. In her first moments of anguish, therefore, she applied to Mr. Durnsford, as was her custom when any thing distressed or perplexed

perplexed her. She had the highest opinion, both of his tenderness and his judgment. She found by his manner that he was no stranger to what she had to relate. He treated the reports which were flying abroad with a coolness of temper, which evinced the high confidence he reposed in her. It was her request that he would immediately think of some means of removing me from under their roof. He paused a few moments, and then sedately told her, he thought that there seemed somewhat of *injustice* in making *me* answerable for the follies and villainies of *others*, and that, for his own part, he could not help feeling uneasy at the idea of turning a young man out of his house, whom he had found so much difficulty in persuading to enter it. He added, at the same time, that as I had been made an inmate of the family, entirely

tirely at his *own* request, without even the most distant hint of such a circumstance having been let fall upon her part, the whole blame of the imprudence of the step, if there really *was* any in it, must devolve entirely upon himself. He concluded, by observing, that he had long lived in the world, had always squared his conduct by the rule of right, and contrived to keep his *compass* in order; notwithstanding which, he had ever found some busy person or other, ready to carp and cavil at him, let him act with all the care and precision he *could*: from a conviction of this kind, a conviction confirmed and ratified by experience, he now kept fast to this one strong safe anchor, "a clear conscience," and resolved never to give up his own axioms to others, when his heart told him, he was neither meditating nor acting any one thing

thing prejudicial to the interest, or the happiness of his fellow creatures.

Adelaide, although far from being convinced, acquiesced in the opinions of Mr. Durnsford. The fatal calumny at length reached *my* ears. I was amazed: I was distracted: I knew not what to do. I strove to retrace every action of my life, during the year I had resided with Mr. Durnsford. After the most strict, the most impartial examination, I could not recollect any *one* instance which could have afforded materials for malevolence. I flew to my host: I talked to him in the most impassioned tone, lamenting that I had ever been born, since I appeared fated to be a burthen to others as well as to myself. I seemed like a man assailed by murderers in the dark. I was stabbed in twenty mortal places, yet could not distinguish one hand which gave a

blow. I! the seducer of Adelaide? of the wife of my benefactor! Great God! who could have suggested the base, the false idea. Had Blazon, enraged at the obstacles I had thrown in the way of his infernal designs, laid this artful snare to ruin me; oh, if he wished revenge, if he desired to rend, to agonise my heart, he could not have taken a more *effectual* method!

The generous Durnsford would willingly have persuaded me to set my mind at rest upon this subject, and let the slander perish as it rose. I too well knew, that my fatal presence must tend to fan and keep the flame alive: were I away, the tempest might, would, subside. Blazon, in having driven me from my shelter, might think his vengeance had done enough, and cease to persecute an unoffending woman.

I resolved, then, to bid adieu to this

 beloved

beloved mansion, and go. . . *Whither?* I was houseless, friendless.—"Father, "brother," I exclaimed, "where are "ye! Gustavus! beloved Gustavus! "why were our hearts from infancy "divided? Dear, dear parents! I must "not accuse, I will not reproach you: "your fortune you had a right to dispose of as you pleased; but when "you deprived me of fraternal love, "you tore me from a blessing, no time, "no chance can ever give me back "again!!" I resolved to leave the house with speed and secresy. I had yet the small profits of my former post remaining, and on this stock I determined to subsist, until the same Providence, which had formerly assisted me under similar circumstances, should again exert its influence in my favor.

From the manners of Adelaide, I could plainly perceive, that though she

was too just to blame me, my presence excited painful sensations in her mind. She endeavoured to conceal these perceptions as well as she was able; but she was not sufficiently versed in the rudiments of deception to succeed in the attempt. Isaac Durnsford was eager to make up for his wife's deficiencies by the warmth of his own manners and expressions: as she cooled, he kindled; yet in his warmth there was a sort of *over* eagerness, which evidently shewed me, circumstances were altered, and what was formerly a pleasure, was now become a restraint to *both* parties. I waited but for a convenient opportunity of withdrawing from the house, and one soon presented itself to my wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford, weary of London, its noise, its scandal, and its malice, had resolved to retire to a beau-

tiful

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tiful cottage he had lately purchased in Surrey: they insisted upon my accompanying them, and I seemingly complied. One fine day, when they were gone to see what furniture it would be necessary for them to convey to this rural retreat, I packed up the few things I had, and sat me down to address a letter to the master and mistress of the mansion. I left my epistle with the picture of Adelaide, sealed up and directed to Mr. Durnsford, giving the servant positive orders to put both into his hands when he returned. I entered the hackney coach I had ordered with a heavy heart. The coachman asked me where he should drive? I was absorbed in thought: the fellow repeated the question. "To the Hummums," cried I, peevishly. He obeyed.

As I am looking over the old papers and pocket-books from which these

memoirs are compiled, I find in one of them the *original* of my letter to Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford. I insert it, therefore, in this part of my work. As my materials require some trouble in their arrangement, I must consequently be often liable to error, and have frequent cause to solicit favor and indulgence."

" *For Mr. and Mrs. Durnsford.*"

" Adieu! 'Ere you read this, I shall
" have left a house where, though I
" have had some struggles, some pangs,
" I have also experienced some of the
" most soothing, the most delightful
" moments of my existence. Under
" your roof I triumphed over my passions, and reaped the glorious harvest
" of my labours. What can I say to
" you both? By an effort of exalted
" virtue you struggled against the pre-

"judices of the world, and took me
"into your hospitable mansion.

"Ah, my dear friends! we are melancholy instances, that what are called the *prejudices* of the world are not to be neglected with *impunity*. Wisdom, which ever comes too late, has impressed this truth upon my mind. The more exalted *your* characters appear, the more depressed is *mine* by the comparison. I should have resisted all your generous efforts with a manly firmness. I suffered myself to be over-persuaded, and in the moment planted thorns in *your* bosoms and daggers in my *own*. I am well convinced, that as long as I reside in your family, scandal will never want wings to fly, calumny and detraction will never tire in the pursuit. Remove the *cause* and the *effect* may cease. There is something sublime in your making so many efforts to retain

" me with you, in spite of all the malice
" of an unfeeling world; but there would,
" also, be something more than selfish,
" there would be a depraved baseness,
" in my persisting to expose the cha-
" racter of your wife to danger.

" I go, then ; but, 'ere I depart, let
" me make one more sacrifice at the
" altar of esteem and friendship : a sa-
" crifice, great as any my swelling
" heart can allow me to render. With
" this letter will be found my minia-
" ture of Adelaide : it was traced in
" those blessed days when neither of us
" would have blushed at being suppos-
" ed to love each other. Oh ! often
" have I gazed on it with all the ar-
" dour of new springing hope ; and it
" has calmed the dæmon of despair.
" How great was the shock when I
" first discovered that this delightful
" talisman was eternally destroyed?

" I found

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" I found in your *friendship* some balm
" for the wounds of bleeding *love*: now
" that consolation is denied me. Oh
" fate! how have I merited to be left
" so supremely destitute? I have but
" one consoling thought to cheer the
" darkness of my soul. Yes; when
" the actions of my life shall be re-
" corded, when the good and the bad
" shall be weighed together, one regret
" will be off my conscience: — To
" Durnsford and to Adelaide I have
" performed my *duty!* That Heaven
" may bless with every comfort, every
" happiness, those whose tranquillity
" he has fatally, though innocently de-
" stroyed, shall be the everlasting pray-
" er of the unhappy

" M. LANDFORD."

Such was the letter I left behind me. When set down at the place of my destination,

tination, I endeavoured to collect my scattered thoughts, and form, if possible, some scheme for my future support. During my residence with Mr. Blazon abroad, and my stay with Mr. Durnsford in the city, I had acquired some knowledge of what we call *business*, and was tolerably well qualified to work my way with any merchant who might find himself disposed to receive me. Yet, how was I to make myself known? To whom was I to apply? Through the interest and recommendation of Durnsford, I might have obtained many settlements amongst *his* friends: but I well knew that this would have been repugnant to his generous heart. He would have insisted upon my *returning* to *him*; and thus must all our former contests, troubles, and anxieties, have been reenwed.

After some deliberation I formed a

resolution of withdrawing to Edinburgh, where I imagined that my person must be unknown, and there endeavour to introduce myself to some gentleman in business, who might chance to want an assistant. My vanity led me to imagine, that there was something in my air and manners which might plead in my favor, and do away any unpleasant prejudices attending my want of the usual recommendatory credentials.

I was always fond of long walks, and knew that, in the character of a *pedestrian*, I could equally accommodate myself to my inclinations and to my finances. I had heard Adelaide talk in raptures of the romantic beauties of Scotland : I had likewise heard that Edinburgh was one of the first cities in Europe. My choice, then, was determined. I sent my small box by

one

one of the conveyances, and set forward on my journey, with nothing but a little bundle to encumber me. The loveliness of the scenery around me tended to harmonise my mind, and, when I reached my inn at night, the labours of the day prevented me from brooding long upon my sorrows. I passed through Newcastle, reached the town of Berwick, and thus attained the borders of Scotland.

In a rocky situation, between the last-mentioned town and Edinburgh, as I stood on a hill observing the grandeur of a most magnificent prospect, a man rode up to me, and addressed me in the Irish dialect. "Ah, honey! and "is it your own good-looking self? I "knew we should be after meeting you "at last: so you will please to come "along with your humble servant?"

"And pray who are *you*?"

"Whom

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"Whom am I? Arrah, but that's a "good one. Do you think I am any "body else but myself: or would you "make me believe that *you* are any "body else but your *own self*."

"Prithee, fellow," answered I, half smiling and half angry; "pursue your "own journey and do not interrupt "mine."

I was going to pass onwards; but he pulled out a pistol and presented it to my breast.

"Do you mean to *rob* me?"

"And is that a question to axe a "jontleman? I only mean humbly to "request the favor of your good-look-"ing company in a civil way, d'ye see; "and this is a little bit of an argument "I always carry about me, to convince "people who don't understand what "true politeness is."

More words arose. I found that the

man was really no highwayman; though he persisted in carrying me away with him. He jumped from his horse, and attempted to seize me by the collar. Unused to submit to liberties of such a nature, I told him to stand off, or to beware of consequences. He rushed upon me—we struggled—I only heard the report of the pistol, and found myself on the ground, weltering in blood. The man, after asking many pardons, calmly assured me he had never intended to fire, but that the pistol had gone off of its own head: then, wishing me a good morning, he galloped away, leaving me in this truly deplorable condition.

CHAPTER II.

I ENDEAVOURED to crawl onwards, but in vain. I was shot in the thigh, and the blood flowed so fast from the part affected, that I fainted away. How long I lay in this condition I am unable to ascertain. When I recovered from my trance, I found myself in a very comfortable looking house. By the bedside sat a venerable looking man: piety and goodness were stamped on every lineament of his countenance. I started up, and instantly demanded where I was?

" Be not agitated, young gentle-" man," said he; " but let it suffice, " that you are under the care of a " christian."

"christain." My heart told me, that I was also under the care of a friend. He informed me, that a neighbour of his, going to the next market town, had been much frightened by stumbling over what he at first imagined to be a dead body. The poor fellow knew not how to act, being fearful that if he meddled with the corpse before him, it might be the means of bringing him into some kind of trouble: he was therefore about to pass on, and take no notice, when an idea of the cruelty of leaving a fellow being in such a piteous state came forcibly across his mind He stood rivetted to the spot, divided between fear and charity. At last a lucky thought came to his aid, which was, to go and ask advice of the parson, whose house was hid in a tuft of trees a few yards off. He had a high idea of the pastor's wisdom, and did not think there

there could possibly be the slightest danger in anything he was concerned in. He went therefore directly to the house of Mr. Alleyn, and informed him of the adventure he had met with.

The good parson gave him many praises for the conduct he had adopted, and assured him, that, so far from having acted a wrong part, any man, in conscience, was an accessary to murder, who could see a human creature in want of the assistance which might preserve his life, without instantly affording it. He desired his neighbour to conduct him to the spot, and by his assistance (for he was a very strong man) conveyed me to his own humble, but hospitable dwelling.

There was something in Mr. Alleyn's manners peculiarly soothing and prepossessing. He was calm, chearful, learned, and pious. I had no other

medical aid but that which he rendered me. He had studied a little of physic, for the sake of his parishioners. A benevolent heart is no bad master in any of those sciences, to which a man applies himself, from a motive of doing good to that species of which he constitutes a part. Luckily my wound was not in a mortal part: the bullet had passed through the *fleshy* substance of the thigh, but had not shattered the *bone;* so that though extremely languid from the profusion of blood I had lost, the remedies were simple and efficacious.

I knew not how I could return the goodness of Mr. Alleyn. I assured him, that, slight as my finances were, I should feel much gratified in the making him any return that way within the scope of my confined abilities. I saw that he was extremly offended at

my

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my *hinting* any pecuniary return for his labours. He once or twice expressed a curiosity to know my story, *who* I was, and how I came to be found in this remote part of the world, under such peculiar circumstances. I candidly informed him that my name was Landford, and told him (with the suppression of some of the titles of persons) the whole history of my life. When I had done, he said that I had met with many afflictions for so young a man, and added, with a sigh, "I was formerly acquainted with a *branch* of "your family.—Pray, Sir, are not you "distantly related to Lord Rothvale?"

"Very nearly."

"Do you know his brother?"

"I know he *has* a brother, though "I cannot exactly say I ever heard "his name."

Mr. Alleyn appeared to be much agitated.

agitated. "Forgive me, my young "gentleman," he continued in a solemn tone, "and allow me credit for "not intending any *personal* insult to "*you*, when I am speaking of your "*relatives*. I have never yet flattered "the vices of any man, however exalted his rank, situation, or fortune. "Could I have done so, perhaps you 'had not now seen me in my present "lowly state. I knew Lord Rothvale "and I knew his brother too; well, "very well. My Lord was a foolish, a "vain, an inconsiderate man; but I "am sorry to say his brother, Mr. Bla-"zon, was a *wicked* one."

"Blazon! Blazon!" cried I, starting with horror, "I know *him* too; "I have reason to know him: but "surely he cannot be the brother of "the Earl."

"Be calm," rejoined Mr. Alleyn steadily.

steadily; "as Mr. Blazon he has "blinded *many*. When Mr. Rothvale "(for that is his *real* name,) entered in"to the mercantile line, he was very "much ashamed of it, as many very "foolish men have been before him, "and so changed his appellation. He "and my Lord have had a great many "quarrels; but upon this point they "are perfectly agreed. Lord Rothvale "having no acknowledged children, "his brother is, of course, the heir "apparent to his fortunes and his title. "Mr. Blazon has resided so much "abroad, that he is hardly known at all "as Mr. Rothvale. The late Lord "did, *indeed*, send this younger son to "Paris, under a French tutor, when "he was a child; but as he died, and "left him a most scanty provision, the "young man was forced to look out "for himself. After some years he en-

" tered into trade, and, on receiving a
" stipulated sum from his brother, (now
" vested with the title) meanly promis-
" ed to renounce the relationship while
" this imperious elder was alive. You,
" Sir, now see, that I am acquainted
" with some of the secrets of your fa-
" mily, and humble though I seem,
" may one day or other be of *use* to *you*.
" I charge you, however, as *a man of*
" *honor*, and by all the holy expressions
" of that *gratitude* you have vowed for
" those services I have been fortunate
" enough to render you, that you will
" never *utter* what I have thus told you
" in the most sacred *confidence*, till you
" have my full *permission*, so to *do*.
" That time will arrive, and then eve-
" ry thing shall be *cleared*."

" Shall I bind myself by . . . ."

" No! not by any *oath*, young man.
" If I can read your countenance a-
" right,

"right, honor and gratitude will be "stronger ties upon you, than any "other motives in the world."

I could not see any reason for refusing him the promise he required, and, therefore gave it very readily.

We began to have a great attachment towards each other; and, as my wound grew better and less painful, he would sometimes condescend to beguile the impatience I felt at the tediousness of my cure, by giving me the little narration of his life. It was short and simple.

William Alleyn was the eldest son of a stock-jobber in the city of London. His father, on a visit to an acquaintance at Edinburgh, married the sister of his friend, a lady of no great beauty nor fortune, and was somewhat more than thirty-five years of age. In opposition to these disadvantages, she had one very

solid recommendation with monied men; she understood the price of every article, from the elegancies of the poulterer and the fishmonger, to the less fashionable retailers of chandlery and green-grocery: she could make her *eight-pence* go as far as another lady's *shilling*.

There are some men who would prefer a house-keeper to a wife, were they not rather apprehensive that the house-keeper might have some temptations to plunder them. Old Mr. Alleyn thought the most efficacious way of putting these temptations out of Miss Maradath's power, would be to take her to himself, so that, if she felt any inclination to invade his property, she might have no real remuneration for her industry. He was much deceived in this speculation, however, as the young lady very frequently over-reached him, for

for the mere pleasure of knowing *herself* to be more *cunning* than her *husband*. She could not gain one shilling by her skill: yet would she have been miserable, had she not practised her ingenuity. He allowed her so much money a quarter for house-keeping, and so much more for her pin-money. Out of these, she usually contrived to save one *half*: she would then honorably enough, give the produce to her lord and master, to be placed in the stocks; but the puzzle was, how to account for having such sums of money by her? This would have much perplexed a plain matter-of-fact woman, but your very saving ladies have most excellent inventions. She would *find* a piece of lace in the street, which saved her *so* much money; she would *win* an article of furniture at a *raffle*; she was fortunate in *picking up* muffs which had been left in hackney

coaches; and had more prizes in the lottery than any three persons within twenty miles of her.

Two sons were the issue of this prudent marriage. William, the eldest, was placed at an early age under the care of his uncle in Edinburgh, who sent him to the high school, where he received a most excellent education. The youngest, who had a most disagreeable countenance and person, attached himself to business, and, under the auspices of his careful father, became one of the darlings of the monied men of the metropolis. He married a very foolish, extravagant, young woman, with whom he parted for serious reasons, and then changed his name.

As Mr Alleyn seemed anxious to pass with lightness over the characters of his brother and his wife, I did not think it right to press the subject upon him.

Mr.

Mr. Alleyn was one of the first scholars at this excellent seminary. He was afterwards sent as a servitor to Cambridge at the joint expense of his father and his uncle. He afterwards entered into orders: then became private tutor to Lord Rothvale, and was abroad with him for several years. His Lordship had, he said, several good qualities; but being somewhat tinctured with *atheism*, there were certain subjects upon which he was less scrupulous than he ought to have been. He declined going farther into the business.

On the death of Mr. Alleyn's father, the younger brother came into all the business: Mr. Alleyn was, of course, left entirely dependant upon Lord Rothvale. He accompanied the young nobleman for several years, until, at length, the freedom of his advice, and the un-

daunted boldness with which he constantly told him of his errors and his follies, grew irksome to his patron's imperious temper, who wished to drown the bitter drop of reflection in the luscious cup of riot, and smooth the furrowed brow of care with the sycophantic smile of adulation.

To get rid of him in as handsome a manner as possible, it was proposed to give Mr. Alleyn the retirement which he then possessed. It was a little neat tenement, standing near a small church, erected for the use of such of the surrounding gentry as were attached to the tenets of the Church of England. Here was the worthy man growing grey: here was he waiting for some events, in which he yet hoped to be the favored instrument of an all-gracious Providence He told me he could not be quite explicit at the present period ; but that the

time

time was rapidly approaching, when he might be so: and, that very probably, I should soon see this apparent enigma explained at full.

Such was the account I gleaned from Mr. Alleyn; an account in which much was suppressed by his delicacy, and more which was contained in remarks and broken observations, which alluded to matters of which I had not the least conception. I could easily unravel enough of his character to perceive, that he was a worthy, honest, upright man, and an ornament to the sacred order of which he was a member.

In the mean time my wound began to heal: nothing but a languor remained; and I began to think with regret of the moment when I should be compelled to bid adieu to the mansion of this truly *good Samaritan*. He would not permit me to think of taking my departure till my wound was entirely healed

healed, and I was beyond all possibility of danger of suffering from the fatigue of the journey I had yet to undergo.

As I got better, I strolled around the neighbourhood of Mr. Alleyn's mansion. It was wild, romantic, and beautiful. His house was not a large one; yet was it sufficiently so to render it elegant and commodious; and the capacious heart of the owner more than supplied all that was wanting in magnitude or splendor. The lower part was composed of two rooms and a kitchen: the lesser apartment contained a number of well-selected books: there was most of the real philosophy of ancient and modern times; but he was not fine gentleman enough to give the writings of Rousseau or Voltaire places on his shelves, thinking their style of thought was not *exactly* adapted to the morals of a *clergyman.*

There was another parlour, hung with

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views taken by a young artist from the boldest scenery in Scotland. Every thing was neat and comfortable in this elegant little room, which being surrounded by tall trees, was equally protected and shaded in summer and in winter time. He had a bed for himself, another for the old lady who resided with him and superintended his domestic concerns, with a third for any friend or bewildered traveller chance or misfortune might conduct to his door. Before the house was a terrace, which commanded a view of a wide extended heath: a rich purple glowing in full bloom upon every little bush, gave the most sublime and picturesque appearance to all the surrounding scenery. Upon this terrace I would sometimes walk for hours together, ruminating on the past, and revolving many a project for the future.

Mr. Alleyn informed me, that a stran-

ger of a very mysterious appearance had lately been observed in the neighbourhood, and had been remarked to have directed a most particular attention towards his house; that he was wrapped up in a large green plaid; appeared late at night and early in the morning, walking backwards and forwards on the terrace in great agitation, and looking in at every window in the house with evident perturbation. Mr. Alleyn said he could not at all reconcile this singular visitation with any circumstances at all relative to himself, and could only solve his doubts by a supposition that the stranger must be, by some means or other, connected with *me*.

I was not able to give him the least insight into this affair at the present moment; but, two days afterwards, a man dressed as above described was again seen on the terrace. I instantly went out and walked by him. He looked

at

at me most anxiously, and exclaimed, in a voice I had often heard before, "Thank God! he is *alive!*"

"Who *are* you?" answered I, in a firm tone of voice: "who are you, that "are thus interested in the life or death "of an outcast, who thought his being "an object of indifference to every crea-"ture upon earth?"

"It may be so; but *I* should be "truly afflicted to be the cause of the "death of any man in the world, par-"ticularly so of Mowbray Landford."

"You know *my* name?"

"Better than you appear to remem-"ber the name or voice of Sir George "Sendon."

"Sir George Sendon!"

"I *am* that man."

"Good God! Sir George! and could "*you* have any thing to do with the "wound which I received?"

"I fear I *had*. But dare you venture "to

" to take me into a room of the house
" where you are now residing?"

Well assured that Mr. Alleyn would willingly excuse such a liberty, I led him through the back door on the terrace, into the little library described above. When seated there, Sir George demanded whether I had lately heard any news of my father? I replied that I had not gleaned any one article relating to him since the day he had banished me from his house and presence. Sir George seemed surprised at this intelligence. After a pause of a few moments, he inquired, in a very earnest tone, if I was equally ignorant with regard to my brother Gustavus? I solemnly assured him, that I knew not a single article which related to the fate of either the one or the other. He two or three times muttered to himself, " That is very strange!" and then added,

added, " You would perhaps like to " be made acquainted with the events " posterior to your departure from " Landford House."

I answered in the affirmative. He continued:

" Mr. Mowbray, I owe you much, " having been, in some measure, the " cause of your late accident: to gra- " tify your curiosity in this particular, " will therefore be the least return I " can make you."

The Substance of Sir George Sendon's Narrative.

It appeared that after I had left my father's house, that enraged parent used all his arguments to induce Sir George to allow my brother Gustavus to be the husband of his daughter Juliana. Sir George resisted this new arrangement with

with great firmness: his darling hope had been ever to see Miss Sendon united to the man who was to inherit the *title* of Rothvale.

Sir George Sendon's estates lay contiguous to that of the Earl; and it was imagined that the two, if joined together, would form the finest thing in the three kingdoms. He had a high regard for my father; so much so, that he had often lent him large sums of money, which were by this time raised to so immense a *total*, that his own fortunes began to stagger beneath the exertion. The little my father had it in his power to transfer to my brother, would make but a poor appearance: it was the *Rothvale estate* alone which could smooth the difficulty. No effort of parental power could rob me of that title and inheritance, provided the two brothers should die *without children*,

which

[library stamp]

which was pretty certain to be the case, as they were now both very considerably advanced in years, and *unmarried*.

My father could never bear to hear my name mentioned after my departure, so enraged was he at me for thus having thwarted the nearest and dearest wishes of his heart. My compliance would have gratified all his ambitions, and have removed all his perplexities: as it *was*, he was involved in a labyrinth from which he knew not how to extricate himself.

A connection with Sir George Sendon was absolutely *necessary* for his peace and for his credit. He had, indeed, now no other hold on his forbearance. He found a warm advocate in Miss Juliana; she really had a very warm attachment to my brother; an attachment she had always been unwilling either to dissemble or to conceal.

ceal. She was of a romantic turn of mind; and would have preferred a cottage with her Gustavus, to all the advantages of rank and splendor with myself. My brother had loved her almost from infancy.

It must be remembered, that in consequence of the partiality of his parents, he had withdrawn himself from their protection. During the time of his absence he had suffered incredible hardships and fatigues. In the ardent spirit of youth, he had presented himself to an officer who was raising recruits: he told him he was a young man born to better hopes than his present circumstances might seem to import; that he was eager to serve his king and country, and anxious to evince his zeal, under the inspection of any gentleman of whose military abilities he had an opinion. He had heard (from his friend

Colonel Raynall of course) of his gallant conduct in the American war, and that he was the friend of merit wherever he found it; and that a brave fellow in the ranks was held in equal estimation, by him, with an officer at the head of his troops. "With these sentiments," said he, "I am come to lay my person and "my services before you."

The officer, charmed with the ingenuous frankness of his manner, admitted him immediately as a volunteer; and interested himself so warmly in his behalf, that he was made an ensign very speedily afterwards. He was present at the battle of ———, where his cool courage rendered him so conspicuous, that he was universally admired and beloved by all who saw him. He was sorry when compelled to return to England; in hopes of promotion, he would more willingly have remained *abroad*, where

where personal courage would have had many more opportunities to manifest and distinguish itself.

On his arrival, he first learned the death of his mother: he was deeply affected by the circumstance. Notwithstanding many unkindnesses he had endured from both parties, he had ever retained a most sincere affection for his parents. Passing the street one night, he heard an uncommon noise, and marching up to the scene of action, beheld one gentleman fighting very hard with three ruffians. Gustavus immediately ranged himself on the side of the weaker party, and the robbers were soon put to flight.

My brother insisted on accompanying the gentleman he had rescued to his lodgings. By the aid of a lamp which shone full in his face, as he was

bidding him adieu, the stranger had leisure to contemplate his features. "Pray," said he, "is your name Gus-"tavus?" The young soldier would have instantly darted out of sight, had not the other caught him by the arm, and stopped him with an exclamation of "Stay, stay, my dear boy: I am "Colonel Raynall!"

These words rivetted him. They were in each others arms. Raynall insisted on his going in with him. He used so many arguments, that he at last convinced his young friend that it was his duty to pay his respects to his father, more especially after the heavy affliction he had so lately endured. This last motive was one not to be resisted; but as the Colonel knew the pride of the parent would be wounded at his son's sudden appearance before him in his

present

present condition, it was agreed that he should clear the way for the interview which was about to take place.

The Colonel entered the house at the very moment of my warm dispute with my father. [Vide Vol. I.] When Gustavus first returned to the paternal embrace, it was wholly unknown to him, that I was in disgrace and banishment. When it at length came to his knowledge, he grew gloomy, wretched, and unhappy. Much as he loved the amiable Juliana, he would rather have perished than have obtained her at the price of *any* man's ruin: How must his feelings, then, have been heightened, by the consciousness, that the man his felicity would whelm in sorrow, poverty, and shame, was his own brother! All recollection of former coldness vanished from his mind, and Mowbray, the haughty, sullen, and imperious,

perious, was not for one moment confounded by him, with Mowbray, the dejected and unfortunate.

It was my father's design to cut me off from all his *own* property, and transfer it to my brother. This was his only remaining hope of ever becoming a relative of Sir George's. The bond of family alliance was, he feared, the *sole* tie which could restrain the Baronet from pressing hard for those large sums of money which were now becoming daily his due.

This arrangement was highly agreeable to Miss Sendon; but her father, as the Rothvale estate constantly haunted his mind, seemed to hesitate. Gustavus was firm in his principles and rigid in his resolutions; all that his father could urge, he never for one moment faultered in declaring, that he would be concerned in *no contract*, that might by

any means tend to prejudice the interests or happiness of his *eldest brother*. In vain did Raynall endeavor to prove to him, that by persevering in such a conduct, he not only stood in the way of the advancement of his own prospects in life, but was in reality doing me a disservice, instead of a benefit, inasmuch as opposition from all parties would only irritate, and drive him into more violent measures than those he had already adopted. These arguments had no weight. He only answered, that though he should be sorry for his brother's being a sufferer by *any* means, it would most certainly soothe his own regrets, in some degree, to know that *he* was no actor in the scene of his calamities. From this fixed anchor, no consideration could remove him.

The rage, anxiety, and vehemence of our father was extreme. The whole fabric

fabric of his hopes was alternately destroyed, first by the *eldest*, and now again by the *youngest* son.

Gustavus, who really doated upon Juliana with all the enthusiasm of the most refined affection, found that the struggles he had to encounter grew too painful for him. Colonel Raynall's counsel was not of the least avail. He saw that his young friend had once more involved himself in the anger of a father. Circumstances called the veteran to Scotland: he left Gustavus with a sad presentiment on his mind, which was soon after verified. He was scarcely arrived in Scotland, before he heard that the impetuous young man had once more withdrawn himself. Juliana Sendon became melancholy, Sir George thoughtful, and my father desperate. Accident threw him into the company of a set of men, who constantly gamed

for large sums of money. The love of play is generally fatal to its votaries, whatever may be their fortunes, ranks, or situations. All my father's long-forgotten furor revived: the period of his oath, not to game for twenty years, was now elapsed.

In hopes of being able to repay Sir George the large sums he owed him, he passed whole nights in this miserable and precarious pursuit. His declining finances sunk under the unequal contest with men, whose whole lives had been passed in making calculations upon games of chance.

Sir George Sendon became involved in some circumstances, which made it necessary for him to call in his debts. A letter was dispatched to my father, among the rest of the persons who owed him money. Shame, poverty, and ruin, now stared the unhappy man

611.

in the face. He had no resource. His pride was not diminished though his fortune was crushed. Could he own himself a beggar? a dishonorable one too? appear among his grand connections in all the lowliness of humiliated rank? daily be exposed to the eyes of Sir George, which would *tacitly* accuse him of having defrauded him of the money which was his due? What accumulated horrors for a proud man! He could not *bear* it. His house was menaced with an execution: he demanded three days grace, and, before the expiration of that term, hired a post-chaise, drove wildly to Dover, and, finding a packet there, set sail for Calais.

Poor Juliana felt much on this occasion. Sir George, for his own part, was rather pleased than otherwise at the late events, and had been peculiarly rejoiced at the removal of Gustavus. He

now thought he had received so many injuries from the Landford family, that it was high time to put an end to all intercourse with every part of it. He began to listen to the proposals of Mr. Montaval, a foreigner of birth and fortune.

This gentleman was, in every respect, disagreeable to Juliana. Sir George informed his new friend of his daughter's previous attachment to Gustavus, whom Dermot, the servant of Mr. Montaval, recollected to have once seen. From many letters, which were daily brought to Juliana, and a young man being frequently observed hovering about the mansion of Sir George, they had reason to imagine, that Gustavus was in the nieghbourhood with some unfair design. Dermot was sent with loaded pistols to explore the country round, and had orders, if he chanced

chanced to find him, to bring the young soldier along with him by force, to the present residence of Sir George, which happened to be but a slight distance from the Rev. Mr. Alleyn's. Dermot rode on, looking carefully round him all the way. He chanced to espy me, as I stood admiring the surrounding scenery. The very strong similitude between my brother and myself instantly flashed on his mind, with the force of conviction. The attentive manner in which I was musing, my timid method of avoiding passengers, every circumstance tended to confirm him in his suspicions, and the unluckly fracas, in which I received my wound, was the consequence of this mistake.

Dermot rode back, a good deal terrified, and told i employers he feared that he had murdered Mr. Gustavus. He then related all the circumstances of his

his adventure, which filled their minds with the most gloomy apprehensions. Juliana saw the great anxiety of her father, who was terribly shocked at the sanguine event which had taken place. He dared not, however, inform her of the melancholy particulars, least the story of the miseries of a person so dear to her as Gustavus, might be too much for her fortitude!

Sir George soon heard that a dying man had been carried to Mr. Alleyn's, and thinking that every thing was preferable to the miseries of suspence, he had resolved to *disguise* himself, and, endeavor to learn the fate of the wounded person. He was so situated as to be compelled to delicacy in the questions he asked, and the enquiries he made. He was happy in making the early discovery, that the man was still alive. He resolved, therefore, to persevere in his

his researches, till he might have some opportunity of a conversation with the person he was in search of. This occasion had, at last, luckily arrived; and, though sorry that I should be the sufferer, he confessed that a great load was taken off his mind. It appeared that my resemblance to Gustavus had nearly been fatal to me.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE been compelled to crowd the narrative of Sir George Sendon into a very small compass. I hope I have not quite lost sight of the *lucidus ordo*, so much recommended by the Roman poet.

Sir George was as delicate as possible, with respect to the circumstances which related to my father; though I could very plainly make out from the texture of his discourse, that the loss of the sums he had formerly lent had very much confined his circumstances and embarrassed his affairs. I could also plainly perceive, that all his parental

rental authority was ineffectual to do away her early impressions in favor of my brother within the gentle bosom of Juliana.

The real fact was, (although delicacy would not allow hm to hint this to me) that Sir George had found his fortunes so much shattered by the imprudence of my father, that, from being a most wealthy and desirable match *herself*, Miss Sendon had no chance of maintaining that state of elegance and affluence to which she had been brought up, but by a matrimonial connection with some gentleman of rank and *fortune*.

Sir George, who had much of the old English hospitality in his composition, could not bear the thoughts of retrenching any of those expenses which tended to the comfort of his vassals. He had introduced the cheerful bene-

volence of his ancestors into his Scotch possessions. He had seen his example followed, and was hurt at the thought of being the first to *infringe* the customs he had been himself so very anxious to *revive*.

Sir George would have made me any reparation for the misfortunes he had been, in some degree, the means of bringing upon me; but he had suffered quite *enough*, by his late anxieties, for any error he had inadvertently committed. He described Mr. Montaval as a soldier and a man of honour; one who was a good deal shocked at what had happened to Dermot, whom he would have chastised on the spot, had not the poor fellow fallen on his knees, sued for mercy, and taken many oaths that the pistol had gone off without asking his leave. The real fact was, the circumstance was purely accidental.

The

The poor author of it had ever since suffered the most excruciating pains, both of mind and body. Convinced that he was a murderer, he could seldom sleep at nights: when he *did*, he dreamed of nothing but the gallows, and never saw a stranger coming towards the house, without imagining the ministers of justice at his heels. He trembled if any one looked at him, and hid himself in a hay-loft for three days, upon a justice of the peace coming to pay a visit at Sir George's house.

Montaval, though very far from agreeable to Miss Sendon, was what most ladies would have called a handsome man. He was tall, well formed, and his features, though much sunburnt from having lived abroad, were bold and impressive. He was however so little acquainted with the forms of the world, and had, at times, such a

strange peculiarity of thinking and expressing himself, that he was by no means adapted to the elegancies of polished society. His bravery was a predominant trait in his character: and when he heard *how* I had been wounded, he began to fear that an imputation might be cast on his courage. He was now anxious for his own *reputation*, and groaned in bitterness of spirit, that he had not been present *himself*: for, he observed, that, had that been the case, all this unpleasant business would have been avoided. As when he had seen his mistake, he could have presented *me* with another pistol; and given me the fair alternative of a gentleman. Mr. Montaval was, notwithstanding all his peculiarities, a man of high honour, large property, and of a cheerful temper.

The dear Rothvale title and estate

was yet very closely wound around the heart of Sir George; but, *that* being out of the debate, no one thing so advantageous as a match between Mr. Montaval and his daughter presented itself to his election. Had I been *then* inclined to have temporised with him, it is my firm belief, that he would have renewed the former terms on which I stood with regard to Miss Sendon; but that was an idea too full of dishonor towards a brother, who had acted in the noblest way to me, to take up my attention even for a moment. Had I *loved* Miss Sendon, his conduct would have demanded every forbearance on *my part.*

There was an unaccountable perseverance in Sir George upon this subject which greatly puzzled me. He never seemed to consider, that, from the pre-

carious state of the case, it was possible that I might yet miss the highly-valued title he laid so much stress upon. Indeed it had always, to myself, appeared a remote hope, a kind of castle in the air. When any event, however, is adapted to a man's particular inclinations, he very often frames his mind to consider it as a *certainty*: he cherishes it with a partial fondness, till his own belief is so confirmed that he is quite astonished at the *scepticism* of other persons.

This had long been the case with my father and Sir George: sad realities had awakened the *former* from his golden dreams; the *latter* seemed still rooted in his opinions and prejudices. I had now discovered that Mr. Blazon was in reality the brother of my Lord Rothvale, and I well knew, that neither myself, nor

nor any one connected with me, would be likely to receive advantage from events he had any power of defeating.

I parted with Sir George upon rather friendly terms. Finding that I was resolved to bend my course towards Edinburgh, and there endeavour to pursue my fortune, he would *insist* on giving me a letter to an acquaintance of his, a Mr. Mainfort, who resided in that city: he added, too, that it would not be long before himself, his daughter, and his intended son-in-law, Mr. Montaval, came to reside in the capital of Scotland, when he should be happy to shew me, that the breach between himself and my father had no sort of influence in prejudicing his mind against me; and that, until his arrival, he was convinced his old comrade, Mr. Mainfort, would shew me every attention and civility in his power.

There

There was a frank something in the manner of Sir George, which I found it quite impossible to resist. We parted on the best terms, and he wrote me the promised letter in Mr. Alleyn's little study.

When I met with my worthy old host at supper, I related every thing which had passed to him. He spoke of Sir George, as of a man well respected in the neighbourhood: one, with no other fault in the world, but an inordinate wish for lofty connections, which sometimes led him into errors he might else have very easily avoided. ' When," added Mr Alleyn, " called " from my retreat, to adjust many con- " cerns which must be cleared up be- " fore I die, I shall have a word or " two to say to Sir George among the " rest. I dare say that I seem a very " mysterious character to you, my " young friend; but I again most so- " lemnly

" lemnly charge you, by all the attentions
" I have endeavoured to shew you, since
" Providence and misfortune first cast
" you under my roof, not to give the least
" hint or inuendo that you have *seen*
" me before wheresoever we *next* may
" chance to meet. You will do me the
" credit to suppose, that, with one foot
" in the grave, and after a life of sixty-
" five years, which malice and calum-
" ny has never yet dared to arraign, I
" cannot now have any projects which
" can tend to the sordid advancement
" of my own interests: you must like-
" wise do me the justice to believe,
" that let what will happen, I shall
" always be a friend to *you*. Should I
" have occasion to touch on your affairs,
" I shall do it with delicacy; and de-
" pend on it, that, if it shall not lie in
" my department to render you any

"great good, I will never do you any
"*harm.*"

There was an aweful energy in Mr. Alleyn's manner which stamped a force on every period he uttered, and rendered every sentence impressive. He did not seem like a man apt to indulge himself in idle tattle: there was somewhat almost *prophetic* in his manner of delivery. He seemed sorry to part with me, and flattered my vanity very highly, by saying that he should often regret the loss of my society. He was also pleased to add, that my manners had proved agreeable to him, and that he had placed a much greater degree of confidence in me, than he had ever yet reposed in in any one on so slight an acquaintance. He was convinced that I never should betray my trust; more especially when he told me, that by so doing, I might be a cause of misery to several amiable

and

and interesting persons, without benefiting any *one* human being.

I bad him confide in my honor. He grasped my hand as we parted, and said, with a tear in his eye, " adieu ! " my dear young friend, for the *pre-* " *sent*; if I *live* you will *see* or *hear* of me " again 'ere *long*. How events may ter- " minate, with regard to you and yours, " must for the present remain in the womb " of futurity ; but of this, my dear boy " Mowbray, be assured, in old Alleyn, " you shall ever find a friend, a father, " and an adviser. I counsel no man to " think lightly of rank nor of titles, " they are the true rewards of virtu- " ous deeds, and the noblest incitements " to illustrious actions : yet remem- " ber, that it is a prouder triumph to " found a race by *living* worthy, than to " receive the greatest honors from the " records of the *dead*. Farewell, my

„ child !

"child! be virtuous, be industrious; "and then you cannot fail of being "happy!"

I would have replied to him, but I *could* not. He had been so very good to me in my hours of pain and sickness, that all words appeared too faint for the expression of the boundless gratitude I owed *him*.

When a beneficent heart, tried and experienced itself in the ways of the world, looks with a benevolent interest on the sorrows and the struggles of youth and inexperience, when it condescends to temper juvenile fervor with its own steady reason, such a friendship can only be imagined by those who have felt it.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

HAIL! fair Edina, Queen of the North! Thou may'st vie with the proudest of cities! A new metropolis is starting up at every corner: elegance and taste seem to direct the powers of the architect, and animate his labors. Country of the gallant Wallace! Soil of the patriot Bruce! Never can modern refinement deface the deeds of those plaid-covered chieftains, who once worshipped the Goddess of Liberty on the cloud-aspiring mountains of Caledonia! The rural song of Burns shall, at once, perpetuate *their* names and his *own*!!!

Such were the reflections I made, upon

on my entrance into this noble city. I was surprised to find that it nearly equalled the metropolis of England in its buildings, and was inferior to London in nothing but *bulk*.

I entered an elegant inn, where I was treated with as much attention and civility, as I could have met with at the first tavern in any part of His Majesty's dominions. There is a winning something in the manners, even of the domestics in the Scotch inns. Hospitality is the grand characteristic of the country, and every one is tinged with the prevailing national color.

We sometimes find people at taverns attend us with a kind of *surly* obedience. They know that we come to them for our own convenience: imagining that we chuse the best house in the place; if they execute our orders, they are apt to suppose that they have then

done

done enough; that it is a mutual compact, and so the business ends. In Scotland they are inclined to look on the stranger as their *guest*. They take money, it is true, like people of their calling in every quarter of the globe; but they do their duty, as if the pleasure of obliging you had *some* share in their gratifications. For my own part, I would much rather wait upon myself than not be attended by *cheerful* faces.

There was a coffee-room in the hotel, and I walked into it with the intention of reading the news of the day. I called for some refreshment and placed myself at one of the tables.

Opposite to me sat a young man, who interested me much in his favor the first moment I placed my eyes upon him. His figure was below the middle size: his face was thin; and was not, perhaps, what would be generally called

ed handsome; but his eye seemed pregnant with the fire of genius and sensibility. His coat had *once* been *black*; but time had now converted it into a *russet* brown. His linen was perfectly white, and a certain gentlemanly air was apparent through all the poverty of his general appearance. He was leaning his head on his hand when I first sat down. He bowed to me, on perceiving that I was a stranger, and handed me a newspaper; after which action of courtesy, he resumed his former thoughtful posture. He heaved several deep sighs from the very bottom of his heart, while I was perusing the paper. I took several opportunities of stealing unobserved glances at him. He seemed affected with some heavy sorrow, and tears gushed in torrents down his cheeks. He was once agitated so much, that he sobbed aloud.

A few moments after, a little man came into the coffee-room of an appearance the very *reverse* of the personage I have just been endeavouring to describe. He was somewhat about four feet high, and nearly equal in length and breadth: his face was expanded to twice the circumference of that of an ordinary man, and was, in colour, somewhat between a scarlet and a purple: his nose, like that of *Bardolph*, put his beholders in mind of "Dives burning in "his robes." His countenance was all on fire, and, glaring over a red waistcoat, gave no very bad idea of that poetical creature, a salamander. I could perceive the young man start at this apparition, and try to avoid his eye; but the other fascinated him, as a serpent is said to attract the optics of a bird. He waddled to my bench, and placing himself by the side of me,

his own fiery visage in direct contact with that of the youth.

The party thus attacked, coughed, hemmed, and gave many symptoms of uneasiness. It was all in vain; his unrelenting persecutor stared him full in the face for the space of a moment, then fetching a deep groan from the very bottom of his lungs, produced a most terrific noise, which I can liken to nothing but the howl of an elephant wounded in the proboscis. The whole house shook as he vociferated "Oh, "Davy! Davy! Davy!"

"My dear Sir! and will you persist in putting me to so much distress for so *small* a sum?"

"Davy!" was *all* the other would reply; but he accompanied the word with a shake of the head, which seemed to intimate that they differed very much in their several ideas of the word *small*.

The

The poor victim of this perseverance shewed that he had been long subjected to the tyranny of the other, by the several replies he almost mechanically made him: "And can five pounds be "such an object to any one, as to render it necessary for me to be dunned "in this manner, and in a public coffee-room, too?"

Nothing but groans, sighs, and "Davy! Davy!" followed this appeal.

Shocked at the brutality of the man's conduct, I resolved, poor as I was, to tear away his prey from his fangs, by lending the young gentleman the five pounds, which seemed to be the object of debate. I happened to have a note of that value in my pocket. I looked the youth in the face—it was an *honest countenance!* I presented the bill to him, begging that he would do me the honor to make use of it, and return the

sum whenever it might chance to be convenient.

He gave me, in return, one of those looks which

"Whisper the o'er fraught heart,"

and very frankly accepted my offer.

Then presenting the sum to his tormentor, said, "There, Sir: *now* are you "satisfied?"

"Yes, Davy:—but only mind one "thing."

"What is that?"

"I never *asked* you for the money, "Davy."

With this cool, evasive speech, he made a low bow and straddled out of the room. It is not in my power to repeat the many handsome things the young man said to me, when he was thus delivered from his tormentor. I shall only remark, that they were the liberal overflowings of a grateful mind,

the

the spontaneous offerings of a thankful heart. He informed me, that a very serious duty called him from me for the present; but most earnestly intreated for my *address*, that he might call on me the next morning. The question was at that moment a perplexing one. The ideas it awakened were of the most painful nature: it called to my mind, that I was now, for the *third* time in the course of a very few years, a friendless, houseless being. I collected my thoughts, however, as well as I was able, and informed him that I had no particular place of residence for the present; but that if he would favor me with his company to breakfast next day in the coffee-room we were *then* in, I should esteem it an obligation. He left me with his eyes suffused in tears, giving me, at the same time, a promise of

of being punctual to the appointment we had just made.

He had no sooner taken his departure, than I entered into conversation with a personage of a very different description, who seated himself by my side, and *would* discourse with me, although I gave him little encouragement to do so. He seemed a man of vast importance; for he talked of all the gentlemen who had seats in the north of England with the most easy familiarity: they were all Tom, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Frank, with him. He appeared, likewise, intimate with most of the gentlemen of Edinburgh; recollecting, therefore, my message to Mr. Mainfort, I distantly asked him if he knew such a gentleman.

"Why! aw—aw—aw—um—Pray, "Sir, are *you* well acquainted with "him?"

"Not at all, Sir."

"No! God bless me! There is "not a better fellow in the world than "Malcolm Mainfort. He has been a "soldier, too—between you and me, "a bit of a *bouncer*—does not mind a "*crack* or so—but a devilish jolly dog. "*Madam* his wife rules the roost— "she keeps famous company; though "nothing under a duchess will go "down with her—I like her parties "very much—capital suppers—Emma "Mainfort keeps all alive—so dashing, "so *shapey*—the handsomest girl in all "Edinburgh."

Thus he went on, giving me the whole history of the family: though, for a person who seemed to live on terms of intimacy with them, his language did not seem over respectful. He knew London, too, *well*, he said: was at all the routs; was acquainted with

with all the performers at the theatres; dined with ———, and supped with ————. He was a great politician, too, and was hand-in-glove with all the famous speakers on both sides."

After he was gone, I remained for some time lost in admiration of his character; but, looking out of the window, I was much surprised to see him tripping along with a pair of rusty saddle-bags under his arm. The waiter coming accidentally by, I had the curiosity to ask him if he knew that gentleman? "O! very well, Sir," replied the fellow: "he comes here twice a year; "there is not a man-milliner does more "business in his way than *he* does."

The mystery was now quite solved.

"Oh, pride! pride!" said I to myself; "I can no longer wonder that "thou hast been the bane of *my* peace, "the ruin of my poor father's fortunes!

"*h*

"*he* had some fuel to *feed* the flame:
"but it is evident, that the passion of
"pride is as natural to us as the air we
"breathe; we all are proud of *some-*
"*thing*; and if no innate conscious-
"ness of superiority presents a *real* ar-
"gument for arrogance, like the boast-
"ing coxcomb who has just left me,
"we borrow our light from some sur-
"rounding object!"

With these reflections in my mind, I retired to my chamber, and, as soon as my head was reposed on my pillow, breathed a fervent prayer, imploring Providence to comfort and support my unhappy father under his misfortunes, wherever he might chance to be. My limbs were tired with long exercise; sleep therefore soon came upon my eyelids, and, for a few short hours, buried the memory of all my sorrows in oblivion.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

I WOKE early next morning, with a fine sun shining in at my windows, I dressed myself with alacrity, and desired that I might have a small room to myself. This request was complied with. I ordered breakfast for two, and desired that if the gentleman who was with me the last night should inquire for me, he might be shewn where I was.

"Mr. Spankley; or Mr. Davy Mid-"dleton, Sir?"

The name of Davy gave me my cue, and

and I was not at all inclined to renew my acquaintance with my friend the *traveller*; I therefore informed the waiter that Mr. Middleton was the *only* person I wished to see. Till he came I amused myself in my constant employment of making memorandums of my life for the past week, in a large pocket book I always carried about me for that purpose. I was not long thus occupied before the young man made his appearance. He said he hoped he had not kept me waiting, and in a moment afterwards began to pour forth a thousand professions of gratitude and acknowledgement. I stopped him short in the middle of these, by begging him, if he did not mean to distress and render me extremely uncomfortable, not to say another word on the subject. He bowed and complied with my request. Our conversation

versation then began to turn on the common topics of the day.

I found him a very superior being to the general herd of mankind. He talked on all subjects with elegance and fluency, and seemed to have derived his knowledge from the best source, an observation of the manners of mankind. I felt so much real friendship for this young man, that I made him acquainted with my present posture of affairs, simply concealing the family name from his knowledge. He seemed shocked to find me so destitute of friends, but observed with a sigh, that a man might have the most *prosperous* relatives, and yet never reap the least advantage from their success or fortune. He did not pretend to *whine* over my calamities: that is the ever-ready coin of those *obliging* people, who will not be either at the pains nor the expense of relieving your anxieties; yet,

yet, that they may be deemed kind and tender hearted, will do you the favor of *pitying* them.

The life of David Middleton, though short, had been full of trials; he knew, therefore, the just value of this meretricious generosity: he had *proved* it, and found it hollow, false and specious. The cant of *feeling* irritated him more than all the other jargons of hypocrisy. He gave me a look, no more; but that look spoke *volumes*. The tear drop stood big in his eye; he dashed it away, and with a forced smile endeavoured to turn the conversation into a different channel. I told him I had some letters to deliver, which would find me employment for the morning, adding, at the same time, a hope that we might shortly meet again. Mr. Middleton then let me know that he was a frequent visitor at the Coffee-house, as all his letters and parcels from the

the south were directed thither, and that he hoped he should speedily receive remittances from thence, which might enable him to discharge his debt to me. Enjoining him to silence on that subject, I requested that we might meet the next morning at the same hour; to which he readily assented.

CHAPTER II.

I IMMEDIATELY waited upon Mr. Mainfort, at his house in one of the principal streets of the New Town, and, strange to say, was rather sorry to find him at home. Amongst the number of those disagreeable occurrences with which life is crowded, I always thought the delivery of recommendatory letters one of the most irksome. I found him sitting in his study, wrapped up in a dirty flannel gown. He was employed in reading a large book, which he closed as I entered the apartment: I observed that it was a "*Gro-*
" *tius*

" *tius, de Jure Belli.*" His room was hung round with full-length pictures of Generals, and a variety of prints were pasted on a screen which stood before him, descriptive of armies, battles, &c. &c. Over the chimney hung a sword, gorget, sash, and other military insignia: in short, every thing pourtrayed the habitation of the retired soldier. He had very little of the national accent; and, though rather pompous, was perfectly well bred. He no sooner heard I came from Sir George Sendon, than he politely urged me to be seated. He read the letter with attention, surveyed me from head to foot, and insisted on my staying to dine with him. He pressed me so very hard, that there was not any possibility of refusing him: I promised, therefore, to return again at half-past four o'clock. He shook me cordially by the hand as we

we parted. I was conducted to the door by a tall raw-boned man in livery, but with a head dressed in the military fashion. He gave me the *salute* as I left the house, faced to the right, and disappeared.

I amused myself with gazing upon the antiquities of Holyrood-House, and strolling round the town, till the hour appointed for dinner arrived. When I returned, I found Mr. Mainfort dressed. He wore a plain blue coat; yet did he affect a military stile. The good lady of the house seemed determined to behave *genteely* to every body; but her over eagerness discovered some disgusting traits, which might otherwise have lain concealed. His daughter was a most elegant and beautiful young woman, lovely in her person, and of the most extreme simplicity in her dress and manners.

A very large party was assembled, and continued increasing, till a servant announced dinner. During the whole course of this meal, Mr. Mainfort began to relate several stories; in the midst of which, his Lady constantly put him out, either by asking him some very frivolous question, or politely insinuating that he was amusing himself with *falsehoods*. All this he bore with the fortitude of a *stoic*. The daughter frequently appeared quite distressed for her father, and sometimes not a little ashamed of her mother.

The mistress of the house was very attentive to *me*. As personages of *title* appeared to be the very gods and goddesses of her idolatry, she imagined that she could never pay a higher compliment to any one, than by finding out some accidental resemblance which they bore to a lord, a duke, or a marquis.

quis. She made every feature in my face relish of quality. I had the eye of the Earl of D. . . . . ., the chin of the Duke of B. . . . . ., the nose of Viscount F. . . . ., and the dimples of Sir John C. . . . . Her poor husband appeared to be sitting upon thorns, whilst she ran on in this strain, and endeavoured to play off a general or a colonel, as a counter-check to her peers and barons. He had, however, but a very poor chance in this contest, and all his heroes were fairly beat out of the field. The gentlemen, of course, listened to her, in preference to Mr. Mainfort, who began one story five or six different times; but finding he had not any chance of being suffered to proceed, he remained on the tenter-hooks till the cloth was removed.

This ceremony was, however, no sooner performed, than he seemed to

brighten up, and his countenance grew gradually more and more cheerful till his wife left the room. After her departure he gave a smile, not very unlike that of Macbeth, when, on the disappearance of the ghost of Banquo, he exultingly exclaims,

"———Why so—being *gone*
"I am a *man* again."

Summoning us all to profound observance, he recommenced the often interrupted narrative, and appeared fully resolved to make ample amends for the time which had been lost. He rubbed his hands, filled his glass, and seemed to be suddenly exalted from the deepest dejection to the highest summit of human felicity. I do positively think the story he related to us took up three hours and a half, during which time he hardly paused one second, and made so many digressions, branched out in-

to

to such extraneous observations, and *dragged* in such a multitude of *episodes*, that the fatigued imagination sunk under the effort of tracing him through his unconnected labyrinth.

The adventures he recounted were of the most extraordinary nature. He appeared to have seen more than any man had ever seen, and to have done more than any man had ever done before him. Falstaff's miraculous account of his own escapes were no longer *wonderful*, when compared with those of Mr. Mainfort. Bullets had passed right betwixt his nose and his chin; chain-shot had swept through his legs; and his hat had been blown off his head by the whiff of a ball. There was an air of truth and candor in his countenance, that accorded but ill with the falsehoods he appeared to be uttering, and kept you in the boundaries of respect and attention, whilst he

delivered

delivered rhodomontades, which in the mouth of *another man* would have drawn down roars of mirth and incredulity.

The following is a slight specimen, (greatly shortened) of the narratives he gave his company the first day I dined at his house.

"I was once engaged in an action," said he, "where we were in the most "imminent danger. Colonel Maddi-"son, whom I have been telling you "so much of, was made a general "about that very time. He was an "excellent soldier, gentlemen, and "I think, if he were now living, he "would say more in my favor than—"I shall say for myself. He had the "good fortune to gain preferment. "Mark, when I say *good fortune*, "Heaven forbid I should mean to de-"tract from the *merit* of any man: but "merit does not *always* get forward

"in the world, gentlemen. When I "left the army a captain—if I did not "hate boasting, I might venture to say "I had as good a right to have looked "up to a generalship as Colonel Mad- "dison, or any other colonel in his "Majesty's service—but I was never "the man to set any value on myself, "and was ever happy when I saw a "brother soldier get forward. Well, "gentlemen, I shall not trouble you "with any more remarks on this head, "because it is a subject none but we "soldiers can be supposed to under- "stand.

"When a man is telling a story, he "ought to go the shortest way to work, "and not be beating about the bushes, "like an army in an enemy's country— "for suppose, now, that I had to take "a town—well, then, if I could not "find a short cut to lead my men to

"the

"the action, what should I do? would "there be any use in marching them in "a circumbendibus round and round? "would it not all be loss of time, and "labour thrown away? why, to be *sure* "it would.—Now, when a man is tell-"ing a story, it is just the same thing: "he ought to proceed to the matter in "question at first, and not keep beat-"ing about the bushes to shew his own "learning, or prove, forsooth, how great "an orator he is. A plain tale is always "best told in a *plain way*; every flou-"rish is quite foreign to the purpose. "Now what has any body *here* to do "with Maddison's concerns? why, no-"thing at all, to be sure! and you would "call me a very tedious fellow, if I were "to tell you a long story of a cock and "a bull, and never say a word on the "subject I began with.

"Well, gentlemen, you must know

"that Colonel Maddison--no; I beg "pardon; General Maddison: for, if "I recollect, I told you he was made a "general, and, as I assured you at the "same time, I was very glad of his pre- "ferment; for I should be an odd man, "indeed, if I did not wish every man "to reap the reward of his labour. "Well, then, *General* Maddison con- "stantly wore a tremendous large pair "of *boots*. Gentlemen, they were the "largest pair of boots I ever saw in the "whole course of my life: much larger "than those they wear in Germany. "I remember I once saw a very mon- "strous pair on a postilion at Amiens, "which is a very beautiful town *en* "*Picardie*: I believe there are few "finer towns in France. I could tell "you a great many pleasant stories "about Amiens; but, as I have ob- "served, digressions are extremely un-

"pleasant

" pleasant things: only the mention of
" General Maddison's *boots* put me in
" mind of the postilion at Amiens, as
" I told you before.

" I was waiting for my chaise, and
" was quite enraged that the driver was
" not ready to attend me. The master
" of the inn was bawling after him
" until he was almost black in the face;
" 'La Jeunesse! La Jeunesse! La Jeu-
" 'nesse!' he screamed out. *La Jeu-*
" *nesse* in the French tongue, gentle-
" men, gives you the idea of extreme
" *youth*. At length out comes La Jeu-
" nesse, a man near *seventy* years old,
" bent double with infirmity, a pipe in
" his mouth, and a whip in his hand,
" which trembled with age and weak-
" ness. '*Me voilà*,' said La Jeunesse.
" I should not have introduced this
" story *now*, gentlemen, because no-
" thing spoils a tale so much as mix-

" ing one anecdote with another; only " La Jeunesse's jack-boots put me so " much in mind of those poor General " Maddison used to wear, that the " anecdote dropped in quite *naturally*.

" General Maddison's aid-de-camp, " a young man, by name Wilkins, out " of compliment to him, had cased " himself in just such another pair of " boots; in addition to which, he had " a very heavy pistol tucked in each " side of his girdle. He followed Ge-" neral Maddison, who rode about en-" couraging his men to perform their " duty. The English soldiers are all " brave fellows: they know they have " more to fight for than any other troops " in the world; and that is the reason " why no troops in the world fight so " well as themselves; but they like to " be talked to by their officers. As for " us, gentlemen, at least if I may judge " by

"by myself, we do not need any one to
"remind *us* of *our* duty: we are scholars, as well as soldiers; we know that, as a Roman poet says,

"'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori,
"'Mors et fugacem persequitur virum.'

"That, gentlemen, is as much as to say, that it is sweet to die for one's country; and that Death overtakes the man who runs away, as swiftly as he overtakes the hero who falls in the discharge of his duty. Well, gentlemen, whilst poor Wilkins was whispering something to the General, smack comes a ball from the enemy and carries away his *head.* Our trumpets, at that instant, happened to be blowing a hollow, aweful blast. The horse of the aid-de-camp stalked slowly down the ranks; the dead man's jack-boots and pistols kept him

 "upright,

"upright, balanced upon his saddle, and "away he rode, without his head, to-"wards the enemy, who were more "discomposed at this sight, than they "were at the heavy fire we gave them "a few minutes after."

I have related this story, merely that it may serve as a specimen of Mr. Mainfort's character and manners. I am confident, that I have retrenched more than two-thirds of his digressions, although I have preserved the whole main body of his narration. From the trait I have given, it may be easy to conceive the character of this truly singular personage: on future occasions, I may not have the same necessity of being diffuse.

After Mr. Mainfort had favoured us with another anecdote, which took up about an hour and a half, his company left him. I was about to take my leave

with the rest, but he desired that I would remain, as he had something very particular to say to me. After a great many coughs and hems, he informed me that Sir George Sendon, the man in the world for whom he had the highest esteem, was so warm in my praise, and spoke so very highly of Mr. Mowbray, (for Sir George had pledged his word that he would not describe me by my *father's* name) that both himself and Mrs. Mainfort were particularly anxious to detain me near their persons. They had lately parted with a young man, who had been accustomed to assist the ladies in their studies. He did not, by any means, propose that I should fill up this vacant post on the terms usual in such cases; but that if I would have the goodness to superintend Mrs. and Miss Mainfort, in their study of the languages, he should feel himself highly

honored in shewing me all the attention in his power.

I perceived that Mr. Mainfort was taking a very elegant method of offering me a settlement in his family. I had not the slightest objection to gaining my livelihood in the way that he pointed out, as I ever *did*, and ever *shall* firmly believe, that he who possesses the talent of conveying useful instruction, is always a character to be respected; nor ought any pecuniary compensation, which the injustice of fortune may compel him to receive, to subtract one iota of the deference which is due to him from those who are benefited by his labours. After many pauses, Mr. Mainfort informed me, that himself and Mrs. Mainfort were exceedingly vexed that they could not make me that return my talents demanded: that fifty pounds per annum was really

as

as much as they could possibly tender, though a gentleman like myself would be a very great comfort to them, and would be treated, in every respect, like one of their own family. He concluded by saying, he had observed the attention I had paid to his *stories*, and found, by my countenance and manner, that I was a young man well acquainted with the world, of good capacity, and one who knew how to appreciate things according to their just value. I bowed very low at this compliment, and, after a moment's reflection, closed with the offer he had made me.

The situation which presented agreed but ill with my former prospects in life. Yet what had I to do with pride? The trifle I was worth would soon be spent, and then, like my poor father, I might learn that pride and poverty assort but ill together. Mr. Mainfort appeared kind

kind and good: the love of talking was his foible. It was a foible, however, which did not injure any one living being.

I promised Mr. Mainfort that I would wait on him the next day, and returned to the coffee-house, where I met my new friend, Davy Middleton, who had been waiting there for some time in the expectation of seeing me. He was eager to know how I had succeeded, and I did not delay for a moment to gratify his curiosity. I no sooner mentioned the name of Mainfort, than he turned as pale as ashes, and appeared to be agitated in the most violent manner. Alarmed at the symptoms of uneasiness he displayed, I begged to know if there were any particular circumstances which connected him with the family of Mr. Mainfort?

"Oh, Sir," replied Middleton, the

tear starting into his eye, "you have "proved so nobly good, so truly generous to me, that if I could lock up "my heart from you, I should be the "vilest, the most ungrateful of men. "I have heard of a philosopher who "wished he had a window in his heart, "that the whole world might look into "his inmost thoughts. I will not say "thus much of the *world* in general; "but, as far as it regards yourself, I will "venture to affirm, that if it were possible for me to carry such a window "in my own bosom, I could wish you "to observe all that passes there, and "you would then, at least, have the "consolation of being assured, that you "had not conferred your favors on an "ungrateful man."

I bade him make himself perfectly easy on that account, as I was as well convinced of his worth and integrity, as if

if I really had the opportunity of making the romantic experiment he had just mentioned. I added, that it was evident that some heavy sorrow lay corroding at his heart, and that his cause of affliction was connected with the family of *Mr. Mainfort.* As I was soon to become domesticated with the relatives of that gentleman, it was natural for me to inquire into the cause of those emotions which had so violently agitated his nerves upon my first mentioning their names: at the same time, if he had any motive for wishing his sentiments or his story to remain concealed, I earnestly entreated him to believe, that I by no means wished him, on my account, to break through any ties of secrecy, delicacy, or honor.

"Of that," my liberal benefactor, "I am assured," fervently rejoined my companion. "My story is a sad one;

"yet it is not, by any means, a dis-"graceful one to me: at least I hope, "nay, I am *sure*, you will not think it "so; *you* will not visit the sins of *others* "on *my* head."

He here began to relate his adventures; and as far as my memory will allow of, I shall endeavour to repeat them in his own words.

CHAPTER III.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID MIDDLETON.

FROM the hints which I have given you, you have doubtless perceived that I am one of those unhappy beings branded with the scorn of society, for vices in which it is morally impossible that I could have participated; one of those who mourn the errors of a parent with the bitter drops of poverty and sorrow. In short, Sir, you have probably guessed that I am a natural child. Who

Who my father is I know not. I have, in my early years, asked my afflicted mother many questions concerning him; but, as soon as I attained the age when my young mind was capable of discriminating between right and wrong, and of conceiving the sacred obligations of an oath, my mother, on her knees, her eyes swimming with tears, her hands clasped in a posture of supplication, and her voice choaked with convulsive sobs, earnestly adjured me, if I did not wish to break her heart, never again to ask her any questions on this melancholy subject. She assured me, that she was bound by a thousand sacred vows, never to reveal the name of my father during his lifetime. She confessed that she had done me great injustice, in having ever consented to give such a promise; but, having

having given it, she threw herself on my affection and on my generosity.

Oh ! can there be a heart within the bosom of a human creature, which could have resisted the appeal of a mother under such circumstances? I threw myself on her neck, and, straining her hand to my almost bursting heart, pronounced the awful promise she required. Need I add, that I have kept my word most religiously? He who could wantonly irritate the agonies of sorrow, even in the breast of an *enemy*, is a wretch who deserves to be hunted out from the society of his fellow men ; but if there be a son who could, for a moment, join with the world in heaping sorrow on a mother who has reared him with tenderness, sacrificed her little all to his good, and deprived herself of the necessary comforts of life,

by

by her struggles to repair the wrongs of nature and of fortune: if, I say, a son *can* be found, who would not readily sacrifice his *life* instead of his curiosity to such a parent, he is not capable of any thing great, generous, or sublime; he is a mere heavy body without a soul: he is what I should scorn to be, though his wealth exceeded the powers of computation.

My poor mother had a small yearly allowance, which for some time was regularly paid her by the man from whose pressing importunities you had so lately the goodness to secure me. How *he* came to be charged with such an office is a perfect mystery to myself, and I believe to my parent also. His character, as I am sure you must have observed, is a *singular* one. Notwithstanding the poverty of his appearance, he is supposed to be in the possession of

vast

vast sums of money: and, when in London, I have seen him treated with the highest marks of respect, by persons whom one would have imagined could not have condescended to abase their eyes with regarding so miserable a figure. But in that town, money, like death, levels all distinctions, and wealth, like an exulting conqueror, mows down every obstacle that impedes its progress.

From the product of the above-mentioned stipend, did I receive an education, which has formed at once the curse and blessing of my life: it has been my curse, inasmuch as it has sharpened the sensibilities of my nature and irritated the pungency of my feelings: it has been my blessing, because it has reminded me how many sages and heroes have had more heavy trials and calamities, characters with whom compared

pared I feel my little *self* shrunk into the infinitude of nothingness.

Ezekiel Bardsworth, such is the name of the person in whose company you first saw me, has been the pretended friend of my mother from her earliest years. She had been left an infant orphan under the care of one of the distant relatives of this man. Ezekiel increased his attentions to her so much as she grew up to years of maturity, that it was generally imagined that he had an idea of making her his *wife*. His odd habits and the deformity of his person might tend to render such a supposition ridiculous: however, so it was.

My mother had been given to understand, that Mr. Bardsworth's relations had lain under so many obligations to her father (once a very prosperous man in business) that on the death of her parents they felt bound by every tie of gratitude

and honor to pay some attention to the orphan left behind them. Whilst Ezekiel was thus attentive to my mother, the unhappy event took place to which I owe my birth. As I said before, I am totally ignorant of the name or situation of my father: all that I have learned on the subject is, that my mother, at that period, disappeared from the mansion of her protectors; that she was never heard of for more than two years afterwards, when *Ezekiel* discovered her, pale, worn with grief, and toiling hard for the livelihood of her infant, in a small milliner's shop. Ezekiel used every argument he could think of, to persuade her to return to his relations, but in vain: she would have rather perished piece-meal. Her proud heart could endure *poverty* with cheerfulness, but it shrunk from *obloquy* with more than fear.

To

To return with a child! A child too, of whom she could give no satisfactory account to her acquaintance; to be exposed to the malicious hints, the cool, calm, insulting mockery of those, with whom she had passed the blessed periods of infancy and innocence! This was, indeed, a trial above her patience and superior to her resolution. Ezekiel, therefore, desisted from his persuasions, and left her for the present, assuring her, at the same time, of his regard, and exacting a promise from her, that if ever she found herself in any difficulty, she would apply to him for counsel and assistance, as it would more than offend him, should she suffer any *other* person to confer those obligations she so steadily persisted in refusing at *his* hands.

Having every reason to suspect that love lurked under these proffers of friendship,

friendship, she resolved never to be beholden to him, if she could by any means avoid it. As you have *seen* him, you may very easily suppose the repugnance any woman in the world must have felt at the idea of giving him the least encouragement in the character of an *admirer*. His own feelings on the subject, were, however, clearly evinced by the whole tenor of his looks, words, and actions. He for a time even appeared suspended in his ardent pursuit of money: a chace, in which he was so eager, that his parsimony kept pace with his daily improving wealth. Sir, he almost exceeded all that was ever read or heard. Briggs, in the novel of Cecilia, alone could vie in domestic œconomy with this truly singular man, who will, by fits, take the most expensive journeys, and throw away large sums of money without any apparent cause.

cause. He will traffic in old furniture, cast-off clothes, buckles, watches, and rags of all descriptions. He is detested by the Jews, because he is a greater adept in their business than any one of that indústrious race of people. He lends money out at an extravagant interest; and . . . . But you would be tired to death, should I pretend to relate all the peculiarities of this mean, selfish, poor, rich man. He has, by some fatality, some unavoidable destination, so entwisted himself into our concerns, that he has been my greatest plague and scourge through life. Go where I will, do what I will, he haunts my path, and his disagreeable countenance comes like a blight and mildews all the promised harvest of my hopes, 'ere Fortune can find leisure to accomplish a single project in my favor.

I have mentioned the little stipend he

paid to my mother. He one day brought a paper which he requested her to sign: it was, as he told her, a writing in the hand of her late father. She then had but a faint suspicion of his character, and therefore readily complied with his request. We have since had reason to suppose, that he, by this artifice, deprived us of a very considerable sum. This was not all: he at another time assured her, he had been charged with a commission to pay a small sum of money into her hands, by a person who had heard of her misfortunes and was anxious to relieve them. Imagining that this money must come from the man who had abandoned her, she peremptorily refused to accept a bounty at his hands. Bardsworth assured her she was mistaken, and left her. A day or two afterwards an enclosed note, to this effect eached her by the post.

« Miss

"Miss Middleton is requested to accept the tribute of esteem which is "offered her by a *lady*, who despises "the villain who could misuse so much "candour, truth, and beauty. The "sum is small, and is entrusted to the "care of Mr. Ezekiel Bardsworth, the "lady's broker, and man of business. "The writer of this would never have "employed a third person in such a "delicate transaction, had not imperi- "ous circumstances rendered her own "appearance *impossible*."

This note reached my mother at a very critical period. I was now growing apace: her expenses consequently increased with my stature; and her health was very much on the decline. She could no longer maintain herself by the labour of her own hands, and, however great her fortitude, where *self alone*

was concerned, upon *my* account she felt all the agonies, all the yearnings of parental fondness; and, after some struggles, resolved to be indebted to the generous unknown who had addressed the above recited letter to her.

When Bardsworth next called, he asked her if she had altered her opinion with respect to the money matter he had formerly mentioned. He advised her not to be squeamish, as it was now a fine time for buying in; and if she missed this chance, she might not find the stocks so favorable again for many years to come; besides, his friend's mind might chance to change: for, that people did not feel disposed to give away their money every day in the month, as he had never met with such a thing in all his life *before*, and did not much think he ever should *again*.

My

My mother's ill health decided her in accepting the bounty of her unknown benefactress.

Ezekiel still continued attentive, but did not allow his passion to interfere at all with his love of money. My mother never could get more than the *interest* of her donation out of his hands: he would insist on managing the *principal* for her, and, we have every reason to suspect, that, in the *sequel*, he by no means acted the part of a *faithful* steward. For his *own* sake, therefore, he never would give us the most remote clue, by which we might trace the lady to whose benevolence we were so many years indebted for support.

This man continued constantly hovering around my mother, nor could she, by any method, contrive to shake him off. When I reached my tenth

year, Ezekiel, from his intercourse with several men of consequence in the city, wished to have me bound apprentice to some respectable trade; but my affectionate mother, with more of fondness, perhaps, than of wisdom, seemed predetermined to have me made a scholar: a resolution which was, at first, received by Bardsworth with no small degree of contempt! but as he was of a very supple nature, he soon grew apparently reconciled to this, the proudest wish of her heart. Every shilling she could heap up was expended in this pursuit. Ezekiel muttered, and often told her, he must sell out to great disadvantage, to supply her with money for her *young gentleman;* and would sometimes ask, what learning was *good* for? Whether Latin and Greek could purchase meat and clothes? With many other

other questions of the same nature: to which she turned a deaf ear, and sent me to the Ch-rt-r-House School.

To say I had every advantage in this seminary, (which can boast of having produced such a number of good and great men) is only paying a proper meed of gratitude to that honored scene of my early youth. Oh, Sir! pardon me; but the remembrance of the cloudless days passed on that spot, recal feelings to my bosom of the most tender kind! The trees planted around our little play-ground, seem, to my fancy's eye, now bursting out into verdure, to welcome the return of spring. The solemn cloisters and the gothic hall, where no less than eighty poor old men are daily fed by the charity of the liberal founder, yet excite sensations in my mind, of the purest, the most exalted nature.

I was myself on an establishment, where forty youths are constantly reared at a trifling expense to their parents, to the paths of learning and of truth. Here I must, with shame confess, I did not employ my time to the advantage I might have done. I was by no means steady in my application: I was quick in my conception; but I wanted that persevering industry, which is necessary for laying the first foundations of knowledge. I started with eagerness in the race, but turned aside to gather wild flowers in my way; so that I generally came in when the contest was decided. In plain English, I was a very *idle fellow*; a word, which, like many others, has now a significaton formerly unknown to the English language. An idle person is now a *genius*; that is, a man, who, being incapable of performing *useful* actions, is forced to have recourse

course to *trifling*, that he may not be hurried into *wicked* ones. I was constantly reading Pope, when I ought to have been studying Horace; and was frequently admiring Shakspear instead of paying attention to Homer. I had imbibed such a passion for writing verses *myself*, that I was lost to the harmony of Virgil and the pathos of Ovid.

Our master every week, gave us, as a *theme*, a short sentence in Latin or Greek, as an exercise for us in the art of thinking. Every boy was to express his own sentiments upon the subject given. My delight was to shew my own abilities by *contradiction*; and all my play-mates gaped with astonishment, when it came to *my* turn to read aloud. It was a matter of some surprise to my master to find a lad, who had only just turned his fourteenth year, endeavouring to overturn the system of the wisest

luminaries that have irradiated the world.

One day I read out a long Latin essay on the following thesis:—"*Dimi-*
"*dium facti qui bene cæpit habet:* He
"who begins properly has achieved
"half his labor."

On this head, I proceeded on my accustomed inverse rule, and endeavoured to prove, that *industry* and *perseverance* have nothing to do with *perfection*; that great minds come to maturity at once; and that none but a dull, plodding fellow, would try to build a reputation, as a bricklayer builds up a house; with many other remarks, equally sagacious. When I had concluded, my master thus addressed me: "I per-
"ceive, Middleton, that your hint at
"a *great* mind contains a modest allu-
"sion to your *own.* You seem to think
"it an easy thing to establish a reputa-
"tion,

"tion, by differing from the rest of the "world concerning the most self-evi-"dent propositions: by which means "I can augur, that you will often make "many enemies, not unfrequently ren-"der yourself extremely ridiculous, "and constantly appear a greater block-"head than you *really are*. You will, "therefore, please to write me another "theme: the thesis is taken from the "golden verses of Pythagoras,—KNOW "THYSELF."

All the boys burst out into a loud laugh at this dry reprehension of my vanity. Undaunted by their ridicule, however, I fell instantly to work, and produced another theme, in which, I endeavoured to prove that Pythagoras was erroneous from the beginning to the ending of his golden verses; that he had no learning, and as little philosophy. My master shook his head

 gravely

gravely at this instance of my pertinacity, and told me, my impetuosity, one day or other, would occasion me many misfortunes: a prophecy which, alas! has been fully accomplished.

My fond mother hailed my puerile efforts with the partiality almost every mother feels for the abilities of her own offspring. Wherever I appeared with her in the little circle of her connections, I was greeted as the genius of the party. There were but few who had courage to enter the lists with me, and those who did (as our acquaintance was confined to persons in the middle sphere of life) found themselves so bewildered and dazzled by the sophisticated rhetoric I made use of, that they were forced to give up the argument to me from mere want of knowledge of the *terms* I made use of. Ezekiel Bardsworth, alone, was cold in his praises. He

affected at the mention of Mr. Mainfort's family, I eagerly pressed him to remain, and take a slight dinner with me. He complied with my request; and, the cloth being removed, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation of the History of David Middleton.

WHEN I first came home to my mother, the gratification we mutually felt in the society of each other banished all our cares and dispelled the clouds of anxiety. She was living in a neat, but small mansion, in the vicinity of London, on the bounty of our unknown protectress. Ezekiel, who had the sole government of her affairs, had it in his power to make her believe any thing he pleased. Her allowance was now considerably *reduced.*

Though

Though I did not now estimate my abilities so highly as I had formerly rated them, I still fancied I had a talent which could stand me in good stead, or, what was an object of infinitely more importance, might procure comfort to my mother. I laboured very hardly, and finished my novel and my comedy. The first was founded on the life of Dion, the hero who flourished at the time of Denys the younger, tyrant of Sicily. The chief personages in this romance were Plato the philosopher, Denys, and Dion. I had taken occasion to deduce morals of the most edifying nature. I imagined that a hero, a sage, and a king, opened a field for observation, which would dazzle my perusers, and elevate me above the ordinary routine of authors, who confine themselves within the dull circles of modern times: you may then form some

idea of my disappointment, at being constantly informed that it *would not do!*

I have sometimes heard it remarked, that a man may be too *wise* to be *happy*: and this appeared to be my predicament in the present instance. With respect to my comedy I had warmer hopes. I had read many critiques on the modern plays, where the authors were censured for the complexity of their plots, and the variety of their characters. I was resolved not to confuse my auditory with any intermixture of this sort. My play was what is styled, by sedate people, a *genteel one*. I was careful to exclude all the favourite comedians from my *dramatis personæ*; the consequence of which was, that there were only four men, and as many women in it, all high-bred ladies and gentlemen, and a duller quartetto were never brought together.

gether. It went from me more like a sermon than a play, and was returned to me from every theatre in London, with polite notes, hinting that although a most elegant composition, it was by no means calculated for the *stage*. And in the *latter* instance they were most assuredly right, as I am now well convinced that no audience in the world could ever have mustered patience sufficient for so drowsy an exhibition. I am also persuaded, spite of the *sombre* sages, who degrade all our modern comedies with the name of five-act *farces*, that their authors are men of real merit, when all is said and done. You see, Sir, though an author myself, I bear no ill-will to others, who, being men of more merit, are consequently entitled to greater encouragement than I can lay claim to.

Ezekiel always sneered at my poeti-

cal

cal pursuits, and would constantly tell me he could make more by a lot of lumber at an auction, than ever I was likely to gain by my learning. He expressed the greatest impatience at my mother's weakness, in parting with so many comforts to maintain me, in what he was pleased to call a life of idleness. Whenever I did any thing contrary to his opinions, he saluted me, with that address you heard him make use of the first time you saw us together,—" Oh! " Davy, Davy !"

I cannot possibly describe to you the *many ways* he has acquired of *varying* this appeal. I have hardly ever heard any other words come out of his mouth for these last seven years. He contrives to pronounce them angrily, satirically, seriously, oddly, whimsically, and now and then benevolently. He has astonished me with this provoking repeti-

tion

tion of my name in all companies, places, and situations. I have felt awkward and abashed, and been taken by surprise with it, at moments when least prepared: the *memento mori* was never a more fatal sentence than this cursed exclamation of "Oh! Davy, "Davy!" has proved to me:

Finding my productions, although of considerable amusement to myself, were not likely ever to remunerate my mother for those expenses to which I was daily exposing her, I began to think very seriously on the subject, and a settled melancholy took possession of my soul. Ezekiel, whose attentions to my mother began to grow quite disgusting, learning the source of my unhappiness, assured her, that if I was not too fine a gentleman for business, he thought he could now place me in a very eligible situation. He had a friend,

friend, a doctor, who was in great want of a young man, who might help him in making up his medicines, and assist him in keeping his accounts. She started back with disdain from this proposal: the idea of seeing her darling brandishing a pestle or thumping a mortar, was worse than death to her. She mentioned the proposition to me with indignation. I confess that the suggestion was at first a bitter one to me. For a young man, who had so lately expected to take the lead in the literary world, to be reduced on a sudden to an apprentice, shocked my feelings, and mortified my vanity: yet, when I began to consider that I was living on the life-blood of a mother, that this mother was a poor helpless woman, I thought no situation could equal the degrading one, of hanging like a dead weight upon her. Reflection too soon convinced me,

me, that the sentiments of mankind on these subjects are frequently extremely erroneous.

What is the reason why (more especially in a mercantile country like ours) an honest apprentice should not be at least as respectable a character as many an idle young man we see strolling through the streets of the west-end of the town? Would it not be a good thing for society in general, if the parents and guardians of the aforesaid idle young men, could compel them to pass their mornings in a shop? Why are they more worthy then, than those industrious youths, who pass their days in learning the means of enriching their families, and their country, at the desk of a merchant? When the lives of both are summed up, to which party should unprejudiced reason give the preference?

I resolved, after many reflections of this nature, to pursue the advice of Bardsworth, and maugre the tears of my mother, was by him introduced to Mr. Dowdle. Mr. Dowdle's shop, when I first entered it, had every appearance of poverty. He received me politely, and Ezekiel left me in his house with a shake of the head, which, in a sort of dumb eloquence, seemed to warn me to beware how I threw myself out of the *capital situation* in which he had placed me. I soon found out that Mr Dowdle was a man, who, so far from being able to instruct others, was himself entirely ignorant of the most self-evident principles of the *materia medica*. A man who owed him a sum of money had died suddenly, and Mr Dowdle had no other means of repaying himself, but by taking possession of the premises of his defunct prede-

cessor·

cessor. His original business was a dealer in cast-off clothes, which had brought him acquainted with Bardsworth; and as

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn,"

a vast friendship took place between them.

You may guess how well such a man must be qualified to take care of the lives and constitutions of his fellow creatures; yet, strange to relate, there are thousands of infatuated beings, in the daily practice of confiding in the specious promises of such daring impostors, sacrificing the remnant of shattered strength to their gilded oratory, and feeding the harpies who are sapping, at once, the vigour of their minds and bodies. I was quite shocked at the incapacity of Mr. Dowdle; and, as he had a decent library, soon became a greater adept in physic than my master. He was a man of a very docile temper

temper, and wore a constant simper on his countenance. He had not many patients, and constantly killed one or two victims in every family he attended. He made more orphans than Doctor Sangrado: had he been blessed with as many patients as the Spanish physician, he would have drawn down the blessings of as many widows and delighted heirs to large estates.

I found, however, that my station in life was by no means so disagreeable as I imagined it would have proved. I formed an intimacy with a dashing young man, who was with a celebrated lawyer in the neighbourhood. He had, like myself, been educated at a public school, and our manners were congenial. I introduced him to my mother, and we were hardly ever asunder. He was a great orator at the spouting societies, and always was heard with particular attention

attention at those meetings. His opinion was consulted concerning the merits of the most popular players: he attended the first representation of all new performances, and was the ringleader who gave the signal of success, or the first to excite the fatal *cough*, well known to authors as the sure fore-runner of dramatic damnation, as the hollow whistling of the wind among the trees gives aweful presage of the coming tempest. He was on familiar terms with the gentlemen who write puffs and paragraphs on plays and actors.

He had some *penchant* for the profession of acting himself, and pronounced every attempt at excellence as "d—d bad." Such a player was a stick; another a bore; a third was shocking; and a fourth might do in time. He was so *positive*, that we all thought he must be *right*. At first, indeed, I

was so bold as to presume to form a judgment of my *own*, but he had such an easy assurance in his mannerof denying and affirming, that I at length gave up the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and was completely governed by his. He had relations of some wealth and consequence in the west of England: his father was a man of wisdom and probity, one who had a wish to see his son engaged in more rational pursuits than those to which he was at present so strongly addicted.

I shall have occasion to say a great deal concerning this young man in the course of my story: let it suffice to observe, for the present, that I was at first much captivated by his *éblouissant* manners. I was one of his constant attendants at the theatres and the spouting clubs. We both began to imagine that the stage was the shortest cut, by which

which we could arrive at the temple of Fame. In this instance I was not quite so mad as my companion: he was sure to lose *every* thing, and I had a chance of gaining *something* in the pursuit.

Mr. Dowdle took me seriously to task for my neglect of business, and made heavy complaints of me to Bardsworth and my mother. The latter was by far too affectionate to pay any attention to the charges preferred against me. She took my word for it, when I assured her that Dowdle was a mere impudent quack, and joined with me in very frankly despising him.

I was indefatigably attentive to Lawrence in all his oratorical attempts. I heard questions debated with heat, passion, and vehemence, which did not concern any one living being. I must, at the same time, confess, that I likewise heard

several gentlemen deliver their sentiments with so much truth, feeling, and propriety, that I am well aware they had abilities to have rendered themselves the ornaments of the bar and the pillars of the state. One gentleman, in particular, was so excellent, that I could not repress a strong desire I felt of starting in the same brilliant course myself; and as the famous Grecian could not sleep for thinking upon the trophies of his warlike rival, so neither could I sleep a wink, through sheer emulation of the declamatory powers of this youthful Demosthenes.

To speak before so large an assembly was, however, a serious undertaking for a *nervous* man like myself; yet, encouraged by Lawrence Wilmot, and several others of our acquaintaince, I resolved to try my fortune on the following

lowing question: "Has modern learning degenerated from the antient, or no?"

The argument was an ample one; and, knowing that the general opinion always ran in favor of the antients, (though surely Homer, Virgil, Plutarch, Xenophon, &c. must have been moderns in their time) my old school propensity to contradict established doctrines revived in my bosom, and I composed a flourishing harangue, filled with quotations from authors in all languages. I entered the scene of action, tremblingly alive to the task I had to sustain, anxious to *shine*, yet fearful of *failing*. The room was uncommonly crowded, and one of our young orators opened the debate with a speech that proved him to have a thorough knowledge of the subject he had undertaken. His accuracy of judgment, added to his energy of dic-

tion, made me doubly sensible of the difficulty of the task I had undertaken. I rose, however, and my heart palpitating, my knees knocking, and dark circles swimming before my eyes, began the prefatory address to my maiden speech. I had hardly pronounced the two first sentences, when my eye was saluted with one of the most ludicrous, and at the same time most distressing sights I had ever beheld: this was no other than Ezekiel exalted on an arm-chair, his head inclined, his eyes levelled full at my face with a leer of wonder, contempt, and stupidity. Startled at this unexpected apparition, my hair rose, my voice faultered, my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth: not one *word* more could I get out. Every one wondered at this most unexpected *hiatus*, and all was silent as possible, till the tormenting sound of "Oh, Davy,

Davy,

Davy, Davy!" was *brayed* through the room. A laugh-like thunder shook the roof of the apartment; my tormentor nodded his head, grinned a ghastly grin at me, and, repeating his exclamation, marched off in triumph.

This was too much. In a cold sweat, I jostled through the roaring crowd, knocked down a waiter with a stand of negus in my hurry to escape, and made but one jump from the top of the stairs to the bottom. There, while I stood gasping with shame, anger and vexation, I heard the company *above* shout forth a full chorus of "Oh, Davy, Davy, Davy!"

CHAPTER V.

Continuation of the History of David Middleton.

It was a long time before my mortified vanity could recover from the shock it had received. I could not have shewn myself among the orators again had my life depended on it. Could I have met Ezekiel in my first *transports* of indignation, I know *not* what might have happened. Neither my mother nor myself could *account* for the strange delight he seemed to take in troubling and tormenting me, except that I had indulged myself rather freely in my remarks on the mean

mean ways he took to hoard up money. Misers are ever the last persons to suspect their own failings: like *beauties*, they cannot bear to be told of their faults.

I had perpetual quarrels with Dowdle, who was constantly bating me for my inattention to business. His ignorance of the common principles of his art so highly disgusted me, that I grew impatient of his controul, and longed to exert my abilities in a sphere better adapted to my capacities.

Lawrence Wilmot contributed much to render me disgusted with my situation; his jokes on my profession cut me to the very quick. I was so alive to wit of this kind, that, since my unfortunate failure at the spouting-club, I had given up all intercourse with authors, critics, &c. and Lawrence was my only remain-

ing companion of that species. He was now more mad for the stage than ever: he wrote daily critiques on every night's representation, and became alike the terror of writers and of actors. He was sometimes, however, rather apt to fall into trifling errors: for instance, he once shewed me a long disquisition on a play, where he had found severe fault with the conception, manner, &c. &c. of a particular performer, and praised another, with whom he was in the habits of intimacy, up to the skies. Unluckily, from some unforeseen accident, the piece was changed, and neither of the gentlemen alluded to *appeared* that night. The critique, however, came forth the next morning, and passed for gospel truth with nine out of ten of its readers. Lawrence was a little laughed at; but as such criticisms

are by no means *uncommon*, he got out of the scrape tolerably well.

He longed most vehemently to quit the dry study of the law, and wield the tragedy truncheon in his own proper person; a disposition which his father strongly combated, and gave him to understand, that such a conduct would be by him resented with the most rigid severity.

A quarrel with Mr. Dowdle, after I had resided with him for nearly two years, hurried on the crisis of my fate. I therefore once more went home to my mother, who received me, as usual, with open arms. *

The

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* It is earnestly hoped and most firmly believed, that no one will imagine, that the slightest offence is intended by the character of Dowdle. Some of the Author's best friends, and many whose conversation and attachment form the chief

The difficulties with which I found her struggling, soon made this visit grow painful to me; and an interview I had with Lawrence Wilmot about this time, determined my fate in a track which I had not as yet explored, though my wandering inclinations had often pointed that way. The propensity of my friend towards the life of a player, was now become so strong, that he had determined

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chief pleasures of his life, are engaged in medical pursuits. Every professional gentleman of liberality will avow, that such men as Mr. Dowdle, (who impose on the ignorant part of the community, knowing that they have neither had education nor practice) have no right to be considered on a level with gentlemen who have passed a long life in the honorable study of administering to the health and happiness of their fellow-creatures. These gentlemen will know how to apply my meaning in its best sense, and I would not desire better nor more candid judges.

termined to run the hazard of offending all his relatives, and give up all the friends he had on earth, rather than not gratify his ardour for exhibiting his dramatic powers. Ezekiel said, he was *sure* it would turn out a second spouting-club concern. He had not ventured to see me since that unlucky night, but always expressed his sentiments to my mother, when he called to pay her her little dividend. I was too angry with him to give any attention to his scruples or his advice.

Lawrence Wilmot, by means of his theatrical acquaintance, had procured a letter of recommendation to the manager of a provincial theatre, who happened just at that time to be beating up for recruits; and, as he was more anxious for *quantity* than *quality*, held out the most flattering prospectus to such aspiring youths as felt any inclination to

enlist

enlist under his banner. I applied to the potentate with my friend, and we had both the honor of being the same day enrolled in his dramatic corps.

We started well accoutered, with good health and spirits, joined to no inconsiderable share of self-conceit. After a great many disputes with the performers on the spot, Lawrence, by dint of several bribes, accomplished his favorite point of making his debut in the part of Hamlet, a character, to which, it appeared, that every individual in our little squadron put in some claim: one, because he had done it for the last forty years; another, because he was young; a third, because he was a middle-aged; a fourth, because he had a handsome dress for it; a fifth, because the Queen says, "he is *fat* and scant of "breath!" a sixth, because his grandfather remembered Betterton; and, in short,

short, each had some equally strong reason for wresting this grand bone of contention from the gripe of his competitor. At length, however, they agreed that Lawrence should have the preference, as every one had a right to an appearing character: I was allotted that of Laertes in the same play. I expected to be pestered with the same difficulties and objections my friend had encountered before me; but, strange to relate, I did not meet with one objection. Great players, like great statesmen, only jostle for the *first* posts.

The town we opened in was rather a genteel one, and Lawrence succeeded tolerably well: that is, he was quite in raptures with himself. I got through the first scenes of my part with decency. When I appeared in the fourth act, raving for the wrongs of my sister, and imprecating curses on the murderer

of

of my father, I had conquered my fears, and was determined to out Lawrence Lawrence; when, on glancing my eye towards the pit, who should I behold seated there, but Ezekiel. The remembrance of the trick he had played me at the spouting-club, threw me into a cold sweat. I expected every moment to hear him shout out my name in his usual significant way. I blundered, flounced, and stammered. In my last scene, during my combat with the Prince of Denmark, I could not keep my eye off *him*. When mortally wounded with the poisoned sword, the following question is asked, "How is't, La-"ertes?" Laertes, replies, "Why, "as a woodcock, caught in mine own "springe."

The inveterate eyes of Ezekiel, which glared full upon me, as I lay on the ground, confused my memory, and

staring

staring on him, instead of directing my attention to the actor, I could only exclaim with a face full of *vacancy*, "I "am a *woodcock*."

Not *one other* word was distinguished among the peals of laughter which ensued. The house *encored* my death, and Ezekiel hallooed as loud as the best of them. When one of the men behind the scenes jumped into the pit, at my request, to stop him, he found that the bird was suddenly flown. I verily think I could have half-murdered him, had he fallen in my way at that moment. I never got over the shock. My brother comedians caught the joke, and I was ever afterwards known to them by the name of the *woodcock*.

It would be a fruitless attempt to endeavour at describing my theatrical life to you.

We met with so many things to disgust

gust us, that my friend Lawrence soon grew most heartily sick of his whim. He had enjoyed his frolic, and was now warmly pressed by his friends to return home again. He began to find that fame, however delightful to its votaries it might be, was but a silly kind of business, if it be not accompanied with some degree of *profit:* he therefore calmly bad me adieu, and left me to drudge on in poverty and distress.

I had no remedy, but patience. What most afflicted me in my penurious state of finances, was the not being able to render any assistance to my poor mother. She wrote me word, not to make myself at all uneasy on that account, as Providence was very good to her, and, that if she could but hear that I was happy and contented, she should not think that she had any one thing to regret, or to repine at. I knew

that

that the gentleness of her disposition made her pass lightly over sorrows which inly preyed upon her heart.

A run of bad success at last totally dispersed the little company to which I now belonged. We had played our way into the north, and were performing at the small town of Alnwick in Northumberland. The body of persons with whom I was concerned, were an honest, worthy set of beings. While they had a shilling in the world, they would most readily have parted with it to relieve any fellow-creature in distress: but what line or condition of life is exempt from accident? Shall misfortune be looked upon as a crime? Forbid it generosity! To shew you that honor and benevolence is confined to no *condition*, I will give you an anecdote (which I *affirm* to be a FACT) of a poor *stroller*, which would have been

no disgrace to one of the heroes of ancient Rome or Greece: there was something of more than Spartan virtue in the action.

One poor fellow had a widowed sister, with four infant babes. He had allowed her half his little pittance while any thing was to be gained: when all was ruined and broken up, he gazed around him in stupid sorrow. He sold all his clothes, and passed two whole days without food, for the support of the little orphan family. When these means were exhausted, he knew not which way to turn him. A recruiting party happened to enter the town at this moment. He paused not a second of time: he took the bounty-money, threw it into his weeping sister's lap, and marched away without a single sigh.

—Non

——— Non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem;
Quam si clientum longa negotia,
Dijudicata lite, relinqueret,
Tendens Venefranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium, &c.
HORACE.

Blush! grandeur, blush!

I was reduced to equal hardships, though I own that I did not struggle through them with equal heroism. Why should I be ashamed to own the shifts to which I was reduced? some of them were of a ludicrous nature; and you, Sir, are too liberal to think the worse of a man, for any difficulties to which he may have been reduced by honest poverty. When left *alone*, I knew not how to earn a meal. I wrote to my friend Lawrence Wilmot, informing him of my distress; but, having lately suddenly succeeded to a large fortune, he

he had now commenced fine gentleman, and had no leisure to attend to the wants of a depressed comrade. His behaviour cut me to the quick. Perhaps I ought to have despised such pitiful conduct too much to have been wounded by it, but I was then new to ingratitude, and was not able to weigh the demerits of a worthless fellow with proper coolness. I have past day after day, without a *tolerable* meal. My clothes were going very fast, and absolute starvation glared full in my face.

A school-master in a neighbouring village dying suddenly, his brother, who was a carpenter, applied for the place. His interest was strong, and he carried his point in opposition to four elderly clergymen, all very capital scholars. When he came to take possession, however, he found one small difficulty, which was, that he could neither read

nor

nor write. He gallopped off as fast as he could, to look for some person who might be able to supply these defects. He heard of me by accident, and immediately sought me out. We came to an agreement. Under his auspices I earned just enough to keep life and soul together; but my health sunk beneath the confinement and exertion. And now, Sir, I am coming to that part of my story which relates to the family of Mr. Mainfort.

Mrs. Mainfort sometimes came to the school, to pay a visit to one of the boys, an only son to the greatest man in the county. He was about sixteen, and had been studying the Greek language four years, without being yet able to distinguish the letters. I made all I could of him, however, and the youth grew attached to me. Mrs. Mainfort no sooner learned this than, anxious to

please the friends of my pupil, she gave me an invitation to come and spend the holidays with him at her house in Edinburgh. "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*" I no sooner beheld the divine Emma Mainfort, than I felt the force of love, for the first time in my life.

The characters of both father and mother were unpromising to any hopes my vanity might cherish. Mrs. Mainfort is a proud, vain, haughty, imperious woman. Fond of *thrusting* her person into high company, a *title* is *all in all* with her. She never talks of any thing but the masquerades, balls, or ridottos of the fashionables she has contrived to patch up an acquaintance with, either in her own country, or during her periodical visits to London. Mr. Mainfort has some pride too.

I soon saw the foible of both, and made my very first *debut* in the charac-

ter

ter of a *flatterer*. I complimented the lady on her *classical* knowledge, of which she is vain enough to imagine she has a very large portion, having read a volume of Francis's Horace, some of Pope's Homer, and a French translation of Ovid's Epistles. With a superficial knowledge of both, I formed the resolution of applying to the weak part of each of them. I peppered the lady with such very high-seasoned compliments on the score of her learning, that I could easily perceive I had made a very rapid progress in *her* good graces. I would often ask her opinion of a Latin passage, having first taken care to construe it into English, as if by mere accident: she would then deliver her sentiments on the subject with as much easy confidence as if she had really *understood* what she was talking about. When she was at all *puzzled*, she would aver with

great solemnity, that she had not made up her mind on the subject ; but when she next saw the Duke, or Sir George, they would consult upon it together.

To manage poor Mr. Mainfort was a much *easier* task. I had not any thing to do, but sit attentive while he was talking, and never open my lips throughout a story seven hours long. You may imagine that I had great difficulty, at first, in preventing myself from yawning, gaping, and giving other symptoms of weariness and languor, but by the constant practice which he gave me, I acquired such a command over my muscles, that I could keep them steadily fixed from dinner till bed-time. I had one resource, which I would seriously recommend to any one whose fate it may be to be compelled to listen to *long* stories: it was, to repeat to myself many lines from Virgil, Homer, Horace,

Horace, or any author who might kindly administer to my need. I ran no chance of being detected, as the relater of tedious stories is always too much absorbed in talking, either to know, or much care, whether you are listening to him or not. I must own, I am quite ashamed of the *arts* I was then compelled to make use of, and solemnly declare, that no *pecuniary* motives could have prevailed on me to put them in practice: but every hour I gazed on Miss Mainfort, I felt my passion increasing, and the idea of seeing her no more became too painful to be tolerated.

My young pupil's mother sent for him home. His uncle, Lord * * * * * *, had, long ago, procured a very lucrative post for him in the *Indies*. A twenty-pounds note was enclosed to me in a letter from his friends, as an acknowledgement of

the service I had rendered him. He was sorry to part with me, and even carried his sensibility so far as to shed a few tears when he bade me adieu.

I was now making melancholy preparations for returning to my carpenter-schoolmaster. My heart sickened at the bare thought of this daily drudgery, under this thick-headed booby. From the horrors of such a situation I was relieved one evening, after reading Virgil to Mrs. Mainfort. You will, perhaps, be surprised at that lady's fondness for reading Virgil, as she did not understand one word of the original language: but I had framed a contrivance to administer to her egregious vanity, which had succeeded even beyond my warmest hopes. I first of all read her a dozen lines in the Latin, and afterwards recited a translation of them by Dryden. I asked her opinion at every sentence; which

which so flattered and delighted her, that she expressed the greatest regret at our approaching separation.

"I wish you could stay with us, Mr. "Middleton," said she, with a complacent smile. "You see I am tolerably well grounded in my Latin, and "under your tuition for a quarter of a "year, I think I could rub up my Greek "a little. My friend, the Countess of "R——, informs me, that my old "neighbour, the Duchess, has been "learning it on purpose to read Tibul-"lus, Catullus, and all the minor Greek "poets."

I bowed, and replied, that I should be too proud of such a scholar. She followed me up immediately, with "Why not *stay* with us? It would, "surely, be better for a man of your "learning, taste, and discernment, to "remain in a city like this than to bu-

"ry his talents in a little village-school.
"I will be your Mæcenas, and recommend you to all my fashionable acquaintance: and I can tell you, for your comfort, that I am connected with all the first nobility in England, Ireland and Scotland. You can make our house your home, till I am able to settle you to my wish. Come, come, Sir, let me be your *Patronus*."

I took advantage of the good humour she was in, and poured out such a volley of lucky compliments, that she insisted on my writing a letter to the carpenter that moment, to inform him, that my circumstances rendered it quite impossible for me to undertake the superintendance of his school any longer. He prevailed on a friend to send me a long epistle, in which he threw out many temptations to induce me to return; among the rest, an offer to in-

crease my salary. All these incentives were now proffered to no purpose. His plight, on the return of his scholars, must have been a truly pitiable one: he was totally incapable of instructing them in any one branch of their studies. I afterwards learned, that, after a very heavy struggle, in which his powerful friends exerted themselves to the utmost in his favour, he was forced to unite with the curate of a neighbouring parish, who, on consideration of *one-fifth* part of the profits, undertook the whole drudgery of the work.

"Thus runs the world away!"

Mr. Mainfort was quite charmed at my residence in his house, and I observed, with rapture, that the lovely Emma seemed far from being *displeased* at the event. It was my delightful task to teach her the French language. Her mother, who could not, with all her skill, have puzzled out one of Æsop's

fables, pompously professed to *superintend* the studies of her daughter. Emma was too amiable to take any visible notice of this extreme folly of her mother's, although she could hardly prevent a smile from mantling on her cheek and displaying the dimple in her chin, when the good lady admonished her to apply herself closely to the French, that she might be able to enjoy the elegant poetry of Tasso and Orlando.

The hours which I spent with this lovely young woman, more than made amends for the fatigue I daily endured in listening to Mr. Mainfort's long stories, or the disgust I could not help feeling at the vanity and ridiculous pedantry of his wife*. Emma Mainfort is

* A musical entertainment, called "Long Stories," has made its appearance, within these six weeks. Should I be suspected of a *plagiary*, my bookseller can witness, that these pages were in his possession *twelve months* ago.

as lovely in her form as she is accomplished in her mind. She is rather above the middle size: her symmetry is complete, and her complexion fair as the snows on the summit of the lofty Loch Lommond. Her hair is like the finest golden wire the fancy can imagine, and her fine dark eyes beam with candor, innocence, truth, and sensibility. The accent of her country is just perceptible when she speaks; but, instead of disgusting the ear, it seems in her an additional perfection. I sometimes thought I had reason to flatter myself, that Emma did not view my passion with any unfavorable eye. That a man like me should love without hope, could be no matter of surprise to any one.

Every thing Emma Mainfort attempted she excelled in. It was whimsical, however, to hear her mama take the whole merit of the daughter's pro-

gress to *herself*. She would, sometimes, go so far as to indulge herself in a fling at me, when any of her noble friends were present, by throwing a kind of doggerel Latin sentence at me, which, when I could not perfectly make out, she would assure her visitors I was really a very promising young man, though I was not well studied in *all* the Latin poets.

About this time I was surprised with a visitor, as unwelcome as unexpected: this was no other than my old fellow spouter, Lawrence Wilmot. By the death of various wealthy relations, he had now centered many valuable estates in his *own person*, some of which lay in the *north*. He was recommended to the notice of Mrs. Mainfort, by the Countess of * * * * * * *, who had lately made a very comfortable thing of Lawrence at her card tables in London. The recommendation of a Countess

tess was every thing with Mrs. Mainfort. The young gentleman was hailed with smiles, and loaded with all the professions of esteem which could have been lavished on the most distinguished talents, or on the most acknowledged virtues.

Lawrence seemed somewhat disconcerted at the sight of his old friend. The wheel of fortune had now rolled him up to such a height, that he seemed anxious to conceal the intimacy which had subsisted between us in days of yore. My pride took the alarm: I had before thought I had some reason to despise him; but he now seemed entitled to my most full and perfect *contempt*. I had always considered the character of a tutor in the most respectable point of view, and I was firmly resolved never to betray the dignity of my calling, nor the keenness of my feelings, to the ar-

rogant insults of an upstart and a coxcomb.

Lawrence's conceit had now rendered him perfectly *frightful.* When I first knew him, he passed unobserved amid the herd of men, because he made no pretensions beyond his situation: but sudden wealth had converted him into a *beau*, and his assumption of that character had rendered him a *cariacatura.* He was dressed out in all the extravagance of the fashion: he lounged, he lisped, he made the most abominable contortions; and all *this* he considered being a young man of fashion.

He soon found, however, that he had been somewhat mistaken with regard to the terms on which I stood with the Mainfort family: my flattery had not been entirely thrown away. One of the first long stories he told, Lawrence began to stretch and yawn in the relater's

ter's face: this was quite sufficient to do his business with the master of the house. The mother, haughty as she was, let not a single word escape which could hurt my feelings; and the daughter, observing the airs of superiority which the new visitor affected to give himself, was more delicately pointed in her attentions to me than ever. Her charming smiles, alone, would have more than repaid me for all the frowns of fortune and the anger of the whole world. Oh, how delightfully did this whole year glide away!

A quarrel with Lawrence Wilmot destroyed all my enchanting visions of felicity. He was very fond of boasting of his knowledge of the French language to the ladies. The literature of France was, indeed, the *only* literature he had. He had gleaned all his metaphysics from the dregs of Voltaire and

and Rousseau. To the writings of the *latter* he was peculiarly partial. From long habits of intimacy with me, he well knew my sentiments on this subject; he was thoroughly aware, that I thought Rousseau by far the most dangerous author that could be put into the hands of an innocent young woman.

Coarseness and vulgarity are seldom effective, as there are few minds so depraved as to be caught by vice under its *ugliest* shape: but when decorated with the flowers of taste, adorned with the insidious graces of affected sensibility, with the gewgaw ornaments of meretricious morality, it is then that the enemy is most to be feared. Rousseau was aware of this. The devil lay concealed while he was instilling his poison into the ear of the mother of mankind; but when touched by the spear of Ithuriel, he appeared exactly *what he was*,

and

and started up in all his native deformity. This will be the case with many of these sentimental writers, when Truth shall lay her steady wand upon *their* chapters.

Though we remained still cold and distant, Lawrence, by this time, well knew, that he would not be authorised nor encouraged in treating me with any sort of contempt. We merely spoke, and were civil to each other during the time of his stay. One day, as I entered her room, I saw Emma Mainfort eagerly striving to hide a book as she saw me come in. I asked what it was. She tried at first to evade my inquiries; but, when she found that I grew seriously hurt at her inflexibility, she said, with her usual candour, "Well then, Mr. "Middleton, since you will *insist* on "seeing it—there is the book. I gave "Mr. Wilmot a kind of promise that

"I

"I would not let *any one* look at it;
"but, as there can be no harm in *read-*
"*ing* a book which has been *printed*,
"I do not see why I should be so scru-
"pulous on the subject."

It was a volume elegantly bound, and numbered I. at the back. I opened it; and, to my equal surprise and indignation, found it to be the first volume of "*La Nouvelle Héloïse.*" Emma took notice of my vexation, and seemed anxious to learn the cause of it. I hated mystery: I knew, too, that should I evade her questions, her curiosity would only be the more strongly excited. The mischief was now done. I returned her the volume, and told her, that if she was resolved to make me unhappy, she would read on; but that if my advice had still any weight with her, she would leave off where she was. I then gave her my full sentiments on the subject,

subject, and she appeared to be perfectly convinced by them. She promised to return the book to Mr. Wilmot the very first opportunity. I begged she would do so; and, at the same time, as it might be a delicate situation, for a lady to avow any knowledge of the impropriety of its contents, I gave her full power to mention *me* as her informant.

I could plainly perceive, the next time I saw Mr. Wilmot, that the young lady had complied with my desire. He was haughty, imperious, and dropped several hints about squeamishness—a male prude—that some people were too good to be honest; and many more inuendoes of the same species. When a man, however, feels an internal consciousness of the rectitude of his designs, or the purity of his motives, he is but a lukewarm votarist in the cause of truth and

virtue,

virtue, if he is to be thus ridiculed out of his integrity. I retorted as well as I was able, and my antagonist being far from a giant in genius, he had considerably the worst of it in our contest for mental superiority: but

"Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
"And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
"Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

To poison the morals of a young, innocent woman, is one of the most detestable actions which human atrocity can be found guilty of. I wished to render a real, an essential service, to my beloved Emma; and what other people might think of the principles on which I acted, never employed *my* thoughts for one moment. The darts of ridicule hissed idly in the air. I was convinced that there were some books more dangerous to moral purity, than

all

all the libertines about town. His ignorance, his folly, his self-conceit, and a thousand other circumstances, often act as counteractors to the designs of a coxcomb: but the attack is truly dangerous, when a man or a woman, of fine genius, calmly sits down to lure the steps of inexperience to a pit-fall covered with flowers. To such persons I would be an open foe: not like a canting methodist, but as an honest, feeling man. If a man marries, he would chuse to unite himself to purity of mind as well as of person. Who would fix his election on a girl, whose intellect has been vitiated by a perusal of all the sentimentally indelicate trash that has been spawned by Gallic brains, and, painful to relate, transplanted to the British soil by British authors?

Suppose it *possible*, that a school-master or mistress should desert the sa-

cred functions of their office, and compose volumes, over which decency must heave a groan; should a person, thus circumstanced, produce a book, filled with warm imagery, with sentiments calculated to inflame the most dangerous of passions; what can be said? Is not such a conduct a violation of the public faith? If the person so offending be a female, should she be spared from the correcting severity of *criticism?* Where the innocence (for again be it repeated, the innocence of the *mind* is the main article) of our sisters or our daughters are concerned, such *gallantry* is mere *grimace* and *affectation.*

The mind of my lovely pupil caught fire at what I had said to her, and she returned the volume to the donor, with every mark of contempt and indignation. My triumph, however, in the Mainfort family, was but of a short

continuance.

continuance. A blow was about to fall on me, tending to crush my rising hopes, and all the tenderest wishes of my heart. Mr. Mainfort's fortune had been much impaired by his wife's foolish partiality to keeping company beyond her sphere. This worthy man had retired from the army with money merely adequate to the comforts of life. His wishes led him to a residence in London; but as he found Edinburgh an equally *elegant*, without being by any means so *expensive* a place, motives of prudence determined him to settle there.

Mrs. Mainfort, whose leading foibles were an affectation of learning and a ridiculous attachment to the acquaintance of fine people, among a learned nation like the Scotch, began to fancy herself a prodigy of literary excellence. Her attempts at classical knowledge,

resembled a peacock with a solitary feather or two, after the rest of his plumage had dropped off: he struts among his companions, he sees them unfold *their starry glories* to the sun, and strives to imitate them, by spreading out his own diminished honors with the same *consequence*, forgetful that without the same *endowments*, his vanity only serves to render him the more ludicrous and contemptible. Her pride had nearly the same absurd effect. Unable to cope in fortune or in circumstances with those of the first rank, she was happy to associate with the *hungry* and the *needy*, so that this poor, infatuated, proud, ignorant woman, was like the gauze through which we pour our wine; the pure and genuine components of the liquor run quickly through, while nothing but the lees and dregs remain behind.

With

With such a passion for expensive pleasures, poor Mr. Mainfort's purse began to run to waste. He, indeed, loved shew and splendor *almost* as much as his lady: any one who got admission into the house had only to listen to the long stories of the master, and there was no fear of his losing ground. Emma was the only one who could see through the mean designs of these parasites, and she sometimes endeavoured to remove the bandage from the eyes of her infatuated parents, but all her zeal was fruitless.

Mainfort, about the period I am now recording, began to find that his expenses exceeded his income. Mrs. Mainfort had entertained a strong idea of repairing her husband's fortunes by marrying her daughter to some man of rank and wealth: She felt so assured of accomplishing this design, whenever

she thought proper, that her pecuniary embarassments made but a slight impression on her mind. She saw many young women, who were ugly, ill-tempered, and ignorant, obtain settlements in life by these means, and therefore imagined, that there could be no doubt of Emma's success. She forgot, however, that all the above plain, unlettered ladies, had possessed *fortunes*: she forgot, likewise, that the age of romance and chivalry was now no more, and that knights and esquires are very little esteemed now-a-days, unless they happen to be *landed* ones.

From this dream was Mrs. Mainfort roused by a lady, connected with some persons of figure in life. The above-mentioned lady was tall and thin, pale in her countenance, and tawdry in her dress: her name was *Poverty*. When this lady once scrapes an acquaintance with

with people of fashion, she creates as much, and probably *more* misery, than she excites among the poorest wretches in the streets: *they* are not ashamed of their situation; they snatch at the jovial hour as it passes, and have no *appearance* to keep up. The keeping up of *appearances* is a grand curse of *half* fashionable people. They starve for a week to give a rout once in a fortnight.

The family of Mainfort, from its pristine hospitality, began to be reduced to a thousand expediencies, and many inconveniencies. Lawrence Wilmot, who had been noted for forming attachments without a spark of passion, was not proof against the powerful attractions of the lovely Emma. She had treated him with much coldness after hearing my sentiments on the book he had lately offered to her perusal. The

real fact was, that this was one of Lawrence's coarse methods of making love: he imagined, that such writings would incite what he was pleased to call sensibility; but the pure mind of Emma was only to be stimulated into disgust, by so vulgar, so clumsy an artifice. His passion for her, however, increased with each succeeding hour, and I have some reason to imagine, that the satisfaction he felt in the idea of mortifying me, had no small share in exciting his perseverance. He had never regarded me sincerely since our theatrical separation. My presence reminded him of some things he had reason to be ashamed of: he saw, too, that I had made rapid strides in the good opinion of my interesting pupil. He had endeavoured to supplant me, but in vain.

When he proposed marriage to Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort, he took them at a

very

very critical moment; at a period when they were very much hampered with some considerable large bills which were then *just* due: the dread of several others, equally heavy, hung *in terrorem* over their heads. Lawrence Wilmot was not the exact man they would have *chosen*; but imperious *necessity* was a powerful advocate in his favour. His rank was far from being sufficiently lofty to gratify the pride of the wife, and the husband thought no man qualified for a son-in-law, who had not patience to listen to a story five hours long. Still the exigencies of their affairs were such, that as Wilmot was, by the bounty of his relatives, now a *rich* man, they were compelled to listen to him, in spite of all their objections.

Emma and myself were the last persons who heard of this arrangement. I might, indeed, have suspected that

some evil was brewing towards my rest, from the increasing coldness of the master and mistress of the house: the former having ceased to relate his wonderful adventures to me after dinner, and the latter leaving off her harangues, concerning the Grecian emperors and the Roman poets.

The sad, the melancholy truth, however, reached my ears but too soon. As misfortunes never come single-handed, the tidings arrived at a period when my heart was torne with apprehensions for my poor dear mother. I had been in the habit of receiving the most kind, the most affectionate letters from her, during the whole course of my peregrinati ons. She would willingly have spared me money from her little store, whenever I wanted it; yet I could not bear the idea of taking any thing from her comforts, which were already

already but too scanty. Her latter epistles brought me most affecting tidings of her declining state of health. She hinted a wish of seeing me. I would most willingly have flown to her on the slightest suggestion of this nature; but my finances were so very low, that my inclinations, reluctant as I felt myself, were compelled to give way to my necessities.

One day I found my sweet Emma dissolved in tears. Anxious to learn the cause of her affliction, I earnestly besought her to confide in me, assuring her, at the same time, that no one could feel more interested in her concerns than myself. On this assurance, she wiped away the pearly beads which stood trembling in her eyes, and her countenance was instantaneously lighted up, like a fine morning in the spring, when the day beams in a moment with

all its splendour from the heavy interposing clouds. "Do you! Do you, "indeed, Mr. Middleton, feel so tender an interest in my concerns? Advise me, then; tell me how to act. "Do not withhold from me the benefit of your instructions."

I earnestly assured her, I never would refuse her my counsel nor advice. Her eye was rivetted on me, and with the glance of affection; but it was an affection, mixed with determination and with virtue.

"Tell me," said she, "is not marriage a most sacred, a most solemn "ceremony?"

"Doubtless, Miss Emma."

"Is it not a subject on which both "Heaven and Nature have bestowed "the sacred privilege of free unbiassed "choice?"

"I should imagine that it is."

"And

"And is not she guilty of *perjury* "and deceit, who swears eternal *love* "to a man, whom she is well convinc-"ed that she cannot even *esteem* ?"

"It cannot admit a *doubt*."

"Ah! Mr. Middleton! At this "aweful moment, call to mind all the "lessons you have given me. Lessons "approved by my heart and sanction-"ed by my reason. Collect your "thoughts, and tell me freely, tell me "candidly, if you have since found "cause to retract your former maxims. "A man now lays claim to my hand, "whose person, principles, and dispo-"sition, so far from assimilating with "my own, are in direct *opposition* to "them all. What am I to do? I know, "I feel, that to you this question must "be a delicate, a distressing one. Yet "you, Mr. Middleton, are the very "person for whose advice I am the

"most anxious. I know not any other "person to whom I could make application for assistance."

My distress in the present exigency was extreme: I had no alternatives. To have advised her to smother the genuine dictates of her heart, would have been a contradiction to all the theorems I had formerly held up to her admiration. I stood suspended between a variety of the most conflicting passions, unconscious how I ought either to act or speak, when the appearance of Mrs. Mainfort relieved me from my distress. She desired her daughter to quit the room; and, when we were alone, informed me, that she should not make her narration long, but follow the maxims of *Cato Major* in his *de Senectute*, and express herself as concise and as briefly as possible. She then informed me, that her daughter was

was about to be united to Mr. Lawrence Wilmot: politely thanked me for the services I had rendered her family; and gently hinted, that from the new arrangements that were about to take place in their domestic economy, my presence might well be dispensed with. She ended by telling me, she had so high an opinion of my classical powers, that she made but little doubt of being able to make my fortune in the *literary beau-monde*.

I felt some indignation at this pompous harangue, which, however disguised, was in fact a downright discharge. I smothered my feelings as well as I was able, and assured her it had for some time been my intention to have asked her permission to resign the post I then occupied, as the declining health of my mother imperiously called

on me for the most assiduous and unremitting attention.

Mrs. Mainfort did not appear the least disconcerted or uneasy at this intelligence. Lawrence was all *triumph*, Emma dejected, and her father awkward and ashamed. The worthy man studiously avoided all kinds of intercourse with me the two last days I staid in his mansion, by which means I escaped the concluding events of many a fatiguing history.

I left the house without taking any private leave of Emma. She was the only person whom I felt the most distant regret at quitting; but the question she had put to me at our last interview was of so searching, so trying a nature, that I had not the courage to submit myself to any future propositions of a similar tendency. During the

the last day, she seemed solicitous to speak to me alone; but I parried her efforts so successfully, that every attempt of this nature was rendered ineffectual.

My stock of money was very low, when I took a small lodging at a respectable pastry-cook's shop. The name of the mistress, who was a widow, was Garland: she was a plump, jolly, buxom dame, the very emblem of *fat, fair, and forty.* At the time she became my landlady, she was inconsolable for the loss of her late husband, whose name she took care to introduce upon every, the most slight and indifferent occasion. She was particularly civil to me, as she said I bore a strong resemblance to her dear Mr. Garland. She would frequently send me up basons of soup, and other comfortable appendages to her profession; so that I found my

my likeness to the happy man who had formerly been her lord and master, of more substantial use to me, than if I had been the *fac simile* of the most illustrious personage in the three kingdoms.

I had not been long under the roof of this hospitable dame, before I was seized with a very virulent scarlet fever. During the time of my malady she treated me with the greatest kindness, and attended me with all the assiduity of a regular nurse. I found, in this instance, too, that it was no bad thing to be under the inspection of a pastry-cook's widow. The jellies, &c. prepared for me by her fair hand, I am confident, were of more real benefit to me, than all the rhubarb, senna, or purgative drugs of the whole *materia medica* could have proved.

During my recovery we had many

wise

wise discourses on the subject of religion. We agreed so thoroughly on this head, that at the end of every lecture, she declared that what I had said was exactly what her poor dear Mr. Garland had often told her. One day she burst into tears, and declared we were as *similar* in our thoughts as in our persons. "Not" added she "that poor "dear Mr. Garland could talk it so "finely as *you*, either. His *hand* was not "so white as yours; but, God bless "him, he was a worthy man, and I "can never expect to meet his fellow "again."

"Why, you would not *marry* again, "Mrs. Garland?"

"Why! umph! I don't make any "rash *vows*: for vows are foolish "things. Poor dear Mr. Garland used "to say, that when a widow marries, "she pays the highest compliment she "can

"can to the man that is gone; for had "she not been very happy with him, "she would never have *dreamed* of "wedlock any more. But I am no "*scholar*, and cannot speak on the "subject. What is *your* opinion, Mr. "Middleton?"

This question was so very *home*, that I could not directly find an answer. She perceived my confusion, and dropped the subject. Though I was never apt at adapting compliments of this nature to myself, I could not help thinking, that there was somewhat peculiarly odd, in the worthy widow's conduct. That she had entertained a strong affection for her late husband, could not admit of a question: that she was inclined to alter her situation once more, was likewise a circumstance beyond all possibility of doubt.

While I was amusing my mind with

conjectures

conjectures on the conduct of the widow Garland, I was, one morning, surprised by the appearance of a very unexpected visitor. I was awakened from a very sound sleep, into which I had dropped, by the noise some one made in entering the room. I sprung up. A woman! I clasped her in my arms. It was—no! it was not Emma: but it was—my mother!!! She was much altered by sickness and by sorrow. She reproached me bitterly, for not having sent her word how dangerously ill I had been, adding, at the same time, that if any thing serious had happened to me, it would have broken her heart, when she remembered that the last sacred offices had been administered to me by the hands of strangers.

When I came to inquire by what means she had gained any intelligence of my illness, I found that my Dulcinea,

who had wormed all the secrets of my family out of me, had made herself acquainted with my mother's address, among the rest. She immediately dispatched a letter to her; in which she said more handsome things concerning me, than either gratitude or modesty will allow me to repeat. She conjured her, as she valued my life, to set out for Edinburgh instantly, begging her, at the same time, not to let the want of money be any hindrance, as she considered her own little property entirely at the service of the mother of so deserving a young gentleman. On this hint, my affectionate parent sat off.

After these plain insinuations of the widow, I must confess, I began to grow extremely uneasy. I found myself indebted for money I had no hope of returning, encumbered with favours I could never expect to repay. Yet where

where was now my remedy? The widow begged my mother to consider herself perfectly at home, and accompanied the word *home* with an emphasis it was quite impossible to misunderstand. She had done every thing but offer me marriage in *direct* terms, and this I hourly expected.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

My mother, at last, brought me the long-looked-for, and at the same time dreaded proposal from mine hostess. I begged leave to refuse it, in the kindest and most respectful terms which gratitude could suggest. I saw that these tidings were afflicting to the beloved authoress of my days. She *said* not a word, though I could plainly perceive something lay heavy at her heart. The very same day all my reasonings were staggered and overthrown: I saw her, to whom I owed my birth (honor chills all my faculties as I relate it) I saw her,

to whom I was indebted for my being, a *prisoner*. She was arrested in the street, before the door of Mrs. Garland's house.

I no sooner heard the news, than I flew to comfort and assist her. She received me kindly, but sadly. Nothing could now save her, but one effort on my part, she said; but, seeing my repugnance, she would much rather submit to all the horrors of a long imprisonment, than owe her own freedom to the destruction of a child's happiness. I fell on my knees: I clasped her hand: I bathed it with my burning tears. "Oh God! oh my mother!" cried I, in an agony, "shew me but *how* I can "avert the misery of seeing you in this "situation, and may I perish peice-"meal, if there is one sacrifice on "earth I will not make to——"

"Hold, my dearest David! I must "not

"not allow you to bind yourself by an "oath of this dreadful nature. *First* "let me warn you of your danger: the "only way of extricating me from the "difficulties in which I am now invol-"ved, is by a marriage with the wi-"dow."

I started back.

"No more," added she, "it must "not, cannot be. My dearest boy, let "us submit with patience to our fate. "It were better my few remaining "years, or rather *months*, should roll "away in a prison, than that your "whole life should be embittered to "sustain a broken reed."

I called God to witness, that I did not even wish to recede, and insisted on knowing the whole of the mystery to which she alluded. She long faultered, long resisted; at last, melted and subdued by my prayers, my sup-

plications,

plications, and my tears, she told me, that the widow had offered to arrange all her affairs, and afford her a safe shelter from the storms of life, in case of our union.

Triumphant nature rushed and took possession of my whole heart. "Oh "send for her, send for her this instant! "Bid her preserve my mother, and I "have no conditions to make: my "hand, and (if possible) my *heart*, "shall be hers." My mother wept on my neck, and I, at that moment, felt rewarded for the sacrifice I had promised to make.

A person now announced Mrs. Garland. I begged my still weeping parent to ratify any terms she might think were proper in my name, and promised her to return after I had taken a short walk to compose myself. As I left the place I met the widow: she

blushed

blushed and smiled, I bowed and passed on.

Quitting the door, I observed a man who eyed me very attentively. He dropped a letter on the ground, directly *before* me; pointed to it, and darted out of sight. On it, was this direction:

"*To D.—— M.———, Esq.*"

It was written in pencil; *the contents*:

"Remember me! Do not *despair!*
"Be *faithful*, as I will be.

"EMMA."

It was *my* Emma's hand. What a moment did the sight of it surprise me in! My heart died away *within me*. My resolution vanished, every duty was lulled, and love alone was raging in my bosom. Nature, however, soon resumed her rights. Painful as the sacrifice was, I resolved that my adoration of

of the divine Emma should give place to the debt of filial piety so long owing to my mother.

By the bounty of Mrs. Garland she was released; articles of marriage were drawn up between us. I did my best to appear kind and attentive, and my betrothed appeared perfectly contented with the efforts I made. My mother was in raptures. She assured Mrs. Garland, that though deficient in the article of fortune, I was as much a gentleman by *birth*, as by manners and education.

The widow's curiosity was strongly roused. A momentary pang made my mother suffer for her imprudence: she checked herself; paused; a few tears stole down her cheeks, as she said, in a solemn tone, "I am bound by an OATH, " (an oath, I must not, will not break) " never to reveal my secret till I am on

"my death-bed. My child has, at "my request, forborne to *urge* me on "the subject. May Heaven reward "him for it! Let me then, Madam, "most earnestly solicit the same self-"denial on *your* part." The widow bowed her head in token of obedience, and the topic was urged no further.

The night previous to the marriage ceremony was a night of doubt, of agony, and conflict. In a few hours, and Emma would be lost to me for ever—lost beyond all *earthly* hope! What was my conduct to my bride? I often resolved to retract, while yet it was in my power to do so: but the ridicule to which such conduct would expose the widow, to say nothing of the disgrace it would heap on myself, made such a resolution impracticable.

The morning destined for the nup-

tials rose in splendour. The widow appeared in *white*, and was an emblem of "the jolly teeming Spring." My mother, and another elderly lady, were her only attendants. With an aching heart, I led her to the church. We approached the altar.

The clergyman began to read the ceremony. I observed him frequently fix his eyes on a window full in front of him. My heart was sickening, and my knees knocking against each other, when he came to the question, "Will "you? &c." I observed him look at the window more stedfastly than he had done before. I raised my eyes mechanically to the spot, when, lo and behold! I saw peeping in, the identical, the grotesque head of Ezekiel. He perceived me, and loudly screamed out, "OH! DAVY! DAVY! DAVY!" and, as usual, vanished out of sight.

The ceremony was now put an end to at once. The clergyman thought the matter too serious to proceed; my mother was as pale as ashes; and my intended bride, on quitting the church, fell into strong hysterics.

We returned home. In a few days the widow was perfectly recovered. A sea captain arriving with his ship at Leith, her attentions began to be taken up with the recital of his adventures. She had been so terrified with the accident that had taken place, that she never once mentioned the renewal of the ceremony to me or to my mother, but enlisted under the flag of her cousin, the captain, who carried her off as a *prize* a few months afterwards.

Ezekiel called on my mother while I was absent, and, in his usual disagreeable method, arranged all her difficulties with Mrs. Garland and elsewhere.

I had

I had now commenced author, and kept life and soul together by what is called *book-making*. Book-making is no very easy task, though I am ready to allow, that it requires somewhat more of industry than genius. I have made Histories, Travels, Poems, Lives of Celebrated Personages, &c. &c. that is, I have collected from old magazines, pamphlets, and scarce books, all that I could rummage out on the point proposed, and thus produced *so many sheets of paper*. My employer has prefixed a dashing title-page, and gained more by these second-hand exuberances, than the original authors ever earned in the course of their lives.

By this "pious fraud," I contrived, however, to support my mother; and, when such exertions have been hopeless, I have sometimes been *compelled*

to have recourse to Ezekiel, who, as if the sole joy and business of his life was to persecute and torment us, is at *present* a resident in this place. Some few days ago I borrowed of him the small sum for which you saw him dun me so *unmercifully*. When he lent it, he informed me that I formerly had not been so punctual as he always expected every one to be: however, that he was now willing to advance me the money, on my solemn promise of repaying it at *such a place*, and on *such a day*. I entered into this rash engagement, which I found I was unable to keep. You can bear witness, that I suffered more than ample punishment for my misfortune.

The conduct of this man towards us is a perfect enigma, neither my mother nor myself know how to explain. His greatest

greatest delight appears to be in seeing us in distress, in destroying all my hopes, in rendering me both wretched and ridiculous; yet, by a strange contradiction of conduct, he has more than *once* assisted us, when, without his aid, we must have infallibly perished for want. I am the child of mystery from my birth: I seem *fated* to struggle on, encumbered with clouds and bewildered in darkness.

Your goodness has cast a ray of hope upon my prospects, and never, never, Mr. Mowbray, shall I forget it! You are now going to be near Emma Mainfort. Oh, Sir! till I heard that name from your lips, it has not vibrated upon my ear for some months past! If you have any idea of the soft sympathies of love, you can conceive that it has affected, alarmed me. If ever you should

hear her mention the name...of...of... Middleton. Pardon me, Sir—but tell her, though he would suffer every evil, every misfortune, rather than involve *her* in his poverty or his sorrows, her image yet lives impressed upon his heart; that it will never be erased from his memory, till sense and reason shall be no more.

Here David Middleton finished his story, which I have collected as faithfully as my remembrance would admit of. I felt a powerful interest in his fate, because, perhaps, it bore, in many particulars, a strong resemblance to my own. I promised to do every thing, consistent with my honour and my duty, to forward his interests. As

I was

I was to live under his roof, Mr. Mainfort had every claim on my fidelity: the secrets of his house were sacred. With this *proviso*, I promised David Middleton my unlimited confidence.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN settled in the house of Mr. Mainfort, I found that the portraits my friend David had drawn of its inhabitants were rather *softened* than exaggerated. Still there was an honest bluntness in the master of the family, which more than compensated for the tedium of his narratives: but there are few persons who are fortunate enough to get through this world, without being compelled to administer to the prejudices and humours of their superiors. He who can manage his concerns so well as not to be subservient to their *vices*, has done all that can reasonably be hoped for, or expected.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mainfort *entertained* me most extremely. I knew that David Middleton disliked her very much, but my sensations were far different from his: the *ridiculous* predominated, with me, over the irascible. She soon began to entertain me as she had formerly done my predecessor, with her knowledge of the ancient poetry and philosophy. If her husband told a story of modern times, wherein any of our generals were concerned, she would take a pinch of snuff, and pompously *mis-state* some great action performed by a hero of antiquity. When Mainfort paid the tribute of a tear to the memory of the gallant Wolfe, she would triumphantly exclaim, "All that is very well; but "what do you think of *Archimedes* the "*Macedonian*, who carried the arrow "in his bosom till he heard that the "troops of his country were victorious,

"and then, like another *Plato*, called "for a goblet of hemlock, and dis- "coursed on philosophical subjects till "he died?" On these occasions she would invariably brighten up, and give me a look of exultation, which seemed to say, "I think I have settled *that* "*point*."

As I observed before, I was so much diverted with the whimsicality of this trait in her character, that I always in- dulged her vanity by the appearance of the most profound respect and admira- tion for every thing she said or did. She had *another* foible inherent in her nature, which was neither so entertain- ing nor so harmless. Her insatiable rage for the countenance and acquaint- ance of persons of high rank, often rendered her manners offensive to indif- ferent people, and disgusting even to her husband and her daughter. Main-

fort, who was an enthusiast for his Country and his King, thought a retired officer, either of the land or sea service, one of the most illustrious characters Great Britain could produce. His daughter Emma, too, free from the prejudice of either father or mother, was fatigued to death with the invariable round of insipid visits she was compelled to pay and receive, from personages who had no qualifications, either to arrest her feelings, or interest her heart. She had a real respect for rank when attended with those concomitants which give it true value; but, a *democratical* Countess, a *gaming*, drinking, *atheistical* Peer, or a lisping, water-gruel *Baronet*, never could force that profound respect from her, which her mama paid to every thing which had a title.

The more I saw of Emma Mainfort,

for, the less was my surprise at the passion which she had inspired in the bosom of David Middleton. She was a most truly sensible, amiable, young woman. I could plainly perceive that her spirits were labouring under a present state of dejection. I knew the cause, and could feel for her most sensibly. The sufferings I had endured on my own Adelaide's account were still most deeply impressed on my memory. I knew the keen, the rending pangs of love defeated; and was neither so callous, nor so selfish, as not to pity in *others,* those torments which had formerly agonised my *own* bosom with such exquisite sensibility: need I then say, that the lovely Emma found a most eloquent advocate in my heart? I was bound in honor, however, to a strict observance of my duty with regard to Mr. Mainfort and his family. I had assured

sured my friend David of my resolve to fulfil every obligation on that score, and that, although I most devoutly wished him all happiness, I was determined never to act the improper, ungenerous, and often *contemptible* character of a *match-maker*. This covenant was most firmly established between us.

Emma did not, as yet, suspect that I had even the most distant acquaintance with the man of her heart, as I watched myself with the most rigid observance, and took especial care, that the name of Middleton should not once escape my lips. This was as much as I could do, in my present delicate predicament: yet am I almost ashamed to own, that the growing interest I felt for David, sometimes made the rigid performance of this duty extremely painful. I found that the match was still in agitation between Miss Emma and Mr. Lawrence

Lawrence Wilmot. Lawrence was expected every day: the sudden death of a relative had postponed the intended marriage for some time; for Lawrence never suffered his devotion at the altar of Cupid to interfere with his worship at the shrine of Plutus. He was to be at Mr. Mainfort's house in a few days, where I observed that he was not *sincerely* valued by any one person in the whole family. He had mortally hurt the master of it, by hinting his doubts respecting the veracity of a story he had told, concerning his combats with the Bedouin Arabs. Mrs. Mainfort often lamented his want of what she termed *connexions*. He had no polite literature, she added, having never read the tragedies of *Xenophon*, nor the Cyropædia of *Æschylus*. Such had been the mania of this worthy lady for high company, that pride itself had reduced

duced her to what she considered the two greatest disgraces that could have possibly fallen on her house, an intermarriage with *ignorance* and *obscurity*.

Indeed, it frequently happens, that those who are addicted to despise their honest equals, and are fond of thrusting themselves into company beyond their level, are led into little paltry actions, which their inferiors would blush even to think of.

While I was determined to maintain the rigid point of honour with regard to my conduct in the family of the Mainforts, my heart would often ache for the increasing sadness which hovered over the brow, and clouded the features of my poor friend David. I could see, by his dejected manner, that an inward, hopeless passion, was drinking up his very life-blood. When I beheld the lovely Emma drooping her pensive head,

like some sweet bud, whose stem had been rudely bruised 'ere the floweret could attain to its native perfection, I could not help breathing a sigh of pity over her blasted hopes. This was all which, under the existing circumstances, I could venture to do. High in the good opinion of the family, I felt a consolation in reflecting, that if I had it not in my power to make them any *material return* for the patronage and protection I enjoyed, while I did nothing to violate the confidence of any one party concerned, I had no reason to be *ashamed* of the honest humbleness of my situation. I do contend, that when a man or woman of talents and integrity enters a family, to whose *prosperity* or *knowledge* they contribute, by their economy, their instructions, or by any other exertion of their mental faculties, they are upon the most equal and impartial footing

ing with their employers. That the labourer is worthy his hire, is an argument always granted in matters of mere *corporeal* exertion; why then, for Heaven's sake, should it be otherwise, in respect to the more fine operations of the mind? Who would wish to see the time arrive, when mere muscle, bone, and sinew, shall be preferred to intellectual excellence? The governors and instructresses of large families, if no mean arts are used to rob any part of that family of its rights; if all cringing methods of supplanting others are avoided; if, with generous care, they rather strive to *sooth* than to *irritate*, to *close* than to *widen* a wound; who shall call such characters *dependents?* A *parasite* is a being of a very different nature: a serpent in the grass. Of a PARASITE let all well-governed families *beware.*

I never did but *one* thing which cost me a single moment's regret, during eighteen months residence under the roof of Mr. Mainfort. I was (with shame I own it) *once* so far lured from my duty, and my notions of propriety, as to deliver a letter from Middleton to Emma, unknown to her father and mother. I was tempted to this breach of good faith (for such, after all, it was) by a number of concurring circumstances. I was the instructor of Miss Mainfort in the French and Italian languages. She made so rapid a progress, that she soon outstripped and left her master far behind her. At one of our meetings at the Coffee-house, poor David was more than usually dejected. I observed that tears stole *involuntarily* down his cheeks, and that something was labouring in his bosom to which he was anxious to give vent. I conjured him,

him, by all the ties of friendship, to be candid and explicit with me. He gave way to my solicitations, and, after a short pause, informed me, that he and his mother were about to retire to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of Perth. He found that he had not health adequate to the laborious occupation of book-making, and that a violent complaint in his head had been the effect of his constant, unremitting application. Under these circumstances, he had received a proposal from Ezekiel, which he had submitted to the better judgment of his mother. This strange man had, it seems, made them a proffer, that if they would *both* sign a paper, giving up all claim to the sum he had been in the annual habit of paying them, they should be settled in a small but neat cottage, where he would take care that the decent comforts and in-

dispensable

dispensible necessaries of life should be supplied them.

However astonished at such a proposition (so seemingly contradictory to his own interests) the offer made in favour of the poor Middletons was too advantageous to keep them long in suspense. One latent hope, one lingering wish, still tied poor David to the spot. I saw that his *heart* was bursting, although he dared not suffer the name of Emma to rise to his lips. I caught his weakness, and I pitied him. In mine own cause, under the roof of Durnsford and of Adelaide, I had so strongly fortified my resolutions, that I never once felt the most slight inclination to relax; but now I in a moment lost sight of my *Ciceronian* maxims, and, in the delirium of my friendship, forsook the post which honour had assigned me. I promised, rashly, to convey a letter from David

to his Emma. My word was no sooner pledged to this, than an instantaneous glow of shame, which crimsoned on my cheek, convinced me I had acted wrongly. What was done, however, could not be *recalled*: I had quitted the peaceful harbour of my conscience, and it was natural that storms and tempests should ensue. What the contents of Middleton's letter were it fitted me not to inquire; and, as the young lady chose not to inform me of her own accord, I suffered the subject still to remain a *silent* one.

I could now no longer meet the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort with that bold, that undaunted glance of equality and independence, which had been formerly impressed on every lineament of my countenance. I hung my head dejected at every meal; for these entertainments now tacitly seemed to upbraid

me with eating the bread of persons whom I had both injured and deceived: they were now I thought my *superiors*, since my own insincere conduct had reduced me below the level of their *equals*.

Previous to the departure of Middleton, I gave him one more proof of the strength and sincerity of my friendship. He was much perplexed for money, to discharge a few debts which he had contracted on his mother's account. I had not, at that moment, ten pounds in the whole world; but, as my payday was coming round, I felt unwilling that my friend should be involved in any perplexity, from which it was in my power to extricate him. After much anxiety he informed me, that if I would join him in a note, he was sure that Ezekiel would advance the money which he wanted. I started,

and

and hesitated at the bare idea of being, in any way, dragged into a connection with a man, of so singular and mysterious a character, as he himself had described this Ezekiel to be. I was soon brought into a more complying humour by the gentlemanly manners of my friend, and, for the first time in my life, I put my hand to paper, and involved myself for *thirty pounds*.

During this whole transaction, myself and the money-lender hardly exchanged five sentences with each other. I despised him *most heartily*, and I dare say that he, in his turn, entertained a very poor opinion of my understanding. Middleton was most truly grateful for the assistance which I had just rendered him. He called me, with tears in his eyes, the guardian angel of

his mother, and fervently prayed to Heaven, that he might, one day or other, find some opportunity of testifying his sense of the obligations I had conferred on him.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

I POSSESSED all the esteem for this young man which one friend can be supposed to entertain for another. I had, indeed, given him a pledge of my sincerity, a pledge, I confess, I soon wished to recal; but the wish came too late: I had nothing but *experience* for my consolation, which now informed me, that it was possible for even friendship to be caried too far.

Lawrence Wilmot was daily expected at Mr. Mainfort's house, a circumstance, which apparently, cast a cloud

over the whole family. Mr. Mainfort disliked, his wife was half-ashamed of, and his daughter *detested*, him.

The worthy master and mistress of the family where I now resided were involved in daily quarrels, which would have been highly entertaining to me, under any other circumstances or in any other state of mind. Each had contracted an inveterate habit of denying any proposition the other happened to advance. Mainfort, who was almost as little acquainted with Latin and Greek as his help-mate, was always pulling her back when she indulged herself in sporting any of her *doggerel;* she, on the other hand, would constantly check him in his military recitals, either by a denial of the fact altogether, or by a ludicrous comparison betwixt himself and some of the heroes of antiquity. As she was invariably out

of her depth whenever she flourished in the learned style, her mistakes were of the most egregious kind: she would frequently make Scipio pass the *Alps*, and render the Carthaginian hero dictator of Rome. Gustavus Vasa, she would insist, was the founder of the Papal authority: and, when talking of the Druids, she would frequently appeal to the Commentaries of Julian the Apostate: in short, it was hard to determine whether she was rendered most ridiculous by the *living* or *dead* great people; in either case, she was quite out of her depth. If she associated with scholars, they laughed heartily at her behind her back, for an affectation of knowledge to which she had no real pretension; or if she mingled in the circles of the great, they sneered at her for thrusting herself forward in situations to which she could not have any

possible pretensions. Mainfort plainly perceived this, and it mortified him; for, notwithstanding a something *chivalric*, which tinged all his expressions, and clung close to his very nature, he was a man of understanding, endowed with quick feelings and with strong sensibility.

Lawrence Wilmot arrived in the midst of these domestic argumentations, and his presence most certainly did not give the least satisfaction to any one party concerned. He was just fresh from London, enriched by the sudden death of a near relative, and indeed the united fortunes of three branches of his family were *now* combined in his own person. He strove to ape the prevalent manners of the young men of the *haut ton*, but executed his intentions so abominably, that could they have seen themselves thus reflected, they might have

have grown ashamed of their ridiculous contortions, and quitted the grimaces of a herd of monkies, to have assumed the manners and habits of human creatures, and of *rational* members of society.

He seemed, at first, anxious to be on an amicable footing with me; but what I had heard from poor David was so strongly confirmed by his manner and appearance, that I could not, by any means, assimilate with him. All his argumentative powers, which had been so much admired in a debating society, only rendered him forward and dogmatical; and, from associating with critics of an inferior species, he had acquired a habit of delivering his sentiments with a somewhat of more than dictatorial petulance. He appeared, at the first blush, an animated encyclopœdia of literature: there was scarcely

any subject upon which he would not both argue and dispute. The real fact of the matter was this, he made a point of reading all the monthly publications, and stored his memory with extracts from each of them. With these shreds and patches of learning, he would boldly enter the lists with the most experienced veterans of science, and, by dint of unblushing confidence and shameless intrepidity, would frequently have the appearance of the best of an argument, on which his foundations were erroneous and inconclusive from the beginning to the end. He made not the least scruple of exposing the whimsical mistakes of poor Mrs. Mainfort, and bursting into loud fits of laughter at her mistatements of historical occurrences: she, in turn, despised him, in her heart, as a downright *Goth*. Had it not been for my interference, I verily think

think that Mr. Mainfort would have sent him a challenge. He had gone so far as to give a loud whistle of incredulity at one of the old gentleman's most favourite stories, in which he simply narrated the following occurrence:

He said that he had been on deck during an action, where a very celebrated commander was giving his orders in a most cool and determinate way. While the above-mentioned gentleman was speaking, his hand was suddenly shot off; he quitted not the deck. A few minutes afterwards, a midshipman's head, to whom he had been very much attached, was carried away from his shoulders, and bounced with such violence against the bosom of the commander, that it immediately laid him flat on his back. The sailors took this opportunity of snatching up the

the body of their leader, and of conveying him to that part of the vessel which is set aside for medical operations.

Such was the story: but with this *exception*, it is *here* compressed into a single *column*, whereas Mr. Mainfort's history would have filled a chapter and a half *at least*.

When Lawrence shewed him this indignity, it was as much as I could do to keep the impetuous choler of my patron within any due bounds. He was half inclined to desire the sneering puppy, as he called him, to leave his house immediately; but my advice, added to a number of prudential reasons laid before him by his wife, induced him to postpone the prosecution of such vigorous measures; not without a heavy threat, however, that he would never tell any of his stories before the foolish boy again: a determination

mination which, like many other human resolves, was broken through almost as soon as formed.

The most material sufferer of all the figures in this family piece was poor Emma. Since I had delivered her the letter of her lover, she had never been entirely herself. The reserve of her manners would have disgusted any but a man with a cold heart and a heavy head. Such a man was Lawrence: wrapped up in the contemplation of his own incomprehensible perfections, he had no leisure to reflect, either on the delicacy or the propriety of *forcing* himself on a young lady, who took no pains to conceal the humble opinion she entertained, both of his personal and his mental acquirements. A footman, in a very excellent old comedy, declares, with unblushing effrontery, that he would not be an inch shorter,

an inch taller, or alter his figure in any one minute circumstance. Young Wilmot was exactly of this conceited valet's opinion, and with as few pretensions as any young man of his age could possibly lay claim to. He called, scampering about the country, and spending a few idle weeks in the provincial towns, a knowledge of the world. Many of our facetious young gentlemen, who put themselves into a ship *one month*, are shut up in it the *second*, pass the third in living with their *own countrymen* in some foreign metropolis, have just about as much claim to call themselves *travellers*, as had young Mr. Wilmot. With these qualifications, could such a man be supposed to hold a rival place with Mr. Middleton, in the affections of a generous, spirited, and sensible young woman?

I did all in my power to reconcile myself to his manners, but found it totally impossible. Zeal for my absent friend had, no doubt, great influence over my heart and conduct. I looked with great anxiety to the time when this spark was to be united to the charming Emma, as I resolved that their wedding-day should absolve me from all ties of connection with the family. I could hardly reconcile my conscience to a longer residence with the master and mistress of the house. The good lady was continually rendering herself at once contemptible and ridiculous. The errors of the husband, however, were more than redeemed by a number of the most valuable qualifications both of the heart and the understanding.

With Lawrence Wilmot the case was totally different: he was a coxcomb,

nullâ

nullâ virtute redemptum, without one valuable point to retrieve the predominant ridicule of his character. In addition to all this, his temper was haughty, selfish, and overbearing; in short, to continue in any place, where such an upstart was to be invested with superiority, conveyed an idea of degradation, to which it would have been somewhat more than meanness in me to have submitted myself. Rather than do so much outrage on my heart, I made up my mind to expose myself once more to the direction of *Providence*.

Hopeless of ever gaining further intelligence concerning my unhappy father, my own pride was now fallen with the splendour of my family. I was *once* the eldest hope of a man of rank: I was *now* the heir of penury, the child of a *fugitive*!

Adelaide Durnsford! how did my

heart

heart yearn towards you? how often did I wish I could have flown to your mansion, resigned my hopes, and buried each tumultuous passion in the bosom of friendship and of retirement? The barbarous malevolence of *slander* had rendered these delightful visions futile!!! To have returned to them, under the present existing circumstances, would have been an act of sordid, unmanly selfishness!

Fortunately for poor Emma, an incident took place, about this period, which operated very forcibly in lowering young Wilmot in the good opinion of each of her parents. One day, Mrs. Mainfort had invited a large party of her grand acquaintance: amongst the rest, a very honorably-celebrated character chanced to be present. The master of the table related a story, the truth of which Lawrence Wilmot affected

fected to doubt; and his petulance carried him so far, that he said, this miraculous tale was equally *incredible* with the story he had related concerning the midshipman's head.

"Well, Sir," replied the worthy nobleman to whom I have just alluded, "and do you doubt the *veracity* of that "circumstance?" "Surely, Sir," rejoined Lawrence, with a broad grin of self-approbation, "my friend here means "to *hoax* us."

The nobleman thus replied: "I do "not know, young gentleman, what you "may mean by the word *hoax*: such "phrases were not admitted into our "vocabulary, when I was a young man. "I find, however, that the youth of the "present day are anxious to found a "reputation for knowledge upon a *dis-* "*belief* of *every thing*; and we have "authors, I hear, who are so wise as

"to

" to dispute even the authenticity of " the Bible; you have read such, per- " haps?"

Lawrence, with an important nod of the head, affirmed that he *had*.

The nobleman continued: " You " see how it is, Mr. Mainfort. If the " Scriptures are called into question, " surely you can have no reason to be " offended with the *scepticism* of this " young man."

Lawrence, after a long stare, demanded, in a pert tone, " what all " this was to the purpose?" " Why, " not much," rejoined his antagonist: " only, as you are so much *younger* " than myself, I think it my duty to " give you any *information* in my power. " To convince you, then, that *doubts* " cannot destroy *facts*, I have to assure " you, that what Mr. Mainfort has re- " cited, however *extraordinary* it may

" appear,

"appear, is literally *true*. I am, *my-*
"*self*, the very commander to whom "the adventure he recorded happened: "witness the loss of my hand, Sir. "What has proved true in *this* in- "stance, may have happened in a "thousand others. This event will "teach you to pause, 'ere you again af- "front the narrations of a worthy man, "by giving them the title of *wonderful* "*stories*."

This rebuke, which came from the lips of the truly eminent Earl of ** ****** (whose word in such cases could not be disputed) struck the young gentleman quite dumb. It was likewise a silent correction to myself, who had formerly looked on the surprising adventures of my patron as so many *rhodomontades*; but, as I had never hazarded a doubt, or given way to the least disrespect, I kept my own counsel,

and

and thus escaped my share of shame and embarrassment.

The young gentleman soon recovered from the awkwardness into which this reproof had thrown him, and seemed only anxious to retrieve his character by saying some *good thing*. He had frequently indulged his satirical talents at the expence of the good lady of the house, who gave him daily opportunities of being facetious. Proud and imperious as she was, she had borne from *him* what she would not have put up with from any other person in the world: the fact was, much as she despised him, she looked upon him as a *necessary evil*, and was reluctantly compelled to smother her contempt and her resentment. What had been said by her noble visitor seemed to have animated her this day; for she exclaimed in triumph, "Well "said, my Lord; you put me in mind

"of

"of what the ancient sage, Alcibiades, "said to his young *pupil*, Socrates, on "a like occasion." Lawrence smiled, as usual; but she took it for a smile of *envy*; and, after a quotation, one third in Latin, the second in French, and the last in Italian, all curiously *blended*, began to talk of Dean Swift's works.

"You have been reading Swift, then, "Madam?" said Lawrence, with a grin.

"Yes, Sir; I have: the Dean is my "*oraculum*, my *pandemonium* of wit, as "Ovid calls it."

"Indeed, Madam: and what says "the Dean this morning? come let us "have a taste of his quality."

Lawrence gave the company a significant wink, to prepare them for some egregious mistake.

"He saith THUS," gravely rejoined the lady: "There is no vice or folly "which

"which requires so much nicety and "skill to manage, as *vanity*; nor any "which by its *ill* management makes "so *contemptible a figure*."

This was the very first time I had ever heard her quote *correctly*; but the passage she had thus the good luck to remember, came with such pertinent force against the predominant foible of Lawrence, that all his effrontery stood him in little stead. He had been so long unaccustomed to meet with any reply, that he was quite confounded at this unexpected discomfiture. He bit his nails, twisted his countenance into a hundred convulsions, tried to say two or three smart things, failed, and sunk into a dead calm.

Mr. Mainfort took no advantage of the victory *he* had obtained; it was quite sufficient for him to know, that he had thus acquired the full preroga-

tive

tive of telling his long stories, without any apprehension of being cut short in the middle of them by any one; not even his wife could interrupt him: like a royal patent, no one could dispute his authority. The *Earl* had said it was so, and when had Mrs. Mainfort ever thought differently from an *Earl?*

This worthy lady by no means imitated the temperate forbearance of her lord and master. She had gained a triumph *too*, and seemed determined to enjoy the fruits of her victory: she was always gratified when she could adduce any instance of the superiority of the female understanding. "Yes, Mr. Mow-"bray," she once triumphantly exclaimed; "whenever I think of Cleo-"patra, or Aspasia, or Dulcinea, Cla-"rissa, or any other of the Roman la-"dies, I own I feel all the pride of "my

"my sex: their wits were sharp as
"Darindana (which, you know, was
"the name of the sword of Alexander
"the Great) and can conquer more
"than all the Clypeums and Palladiums
"of masculine valour. Whenever I
"hear of a woman's getting the better
"of these *Aristotelians*, like Nero, the
"Emperor, I cry out, from the very
"bottom of my soul, *Perdidi diem*,
"I have *gained* a day."

I afterwards discovered, t
that she had now a very strc
for wishing to break off all c
with young Wilmot.

END OF VOL. II.